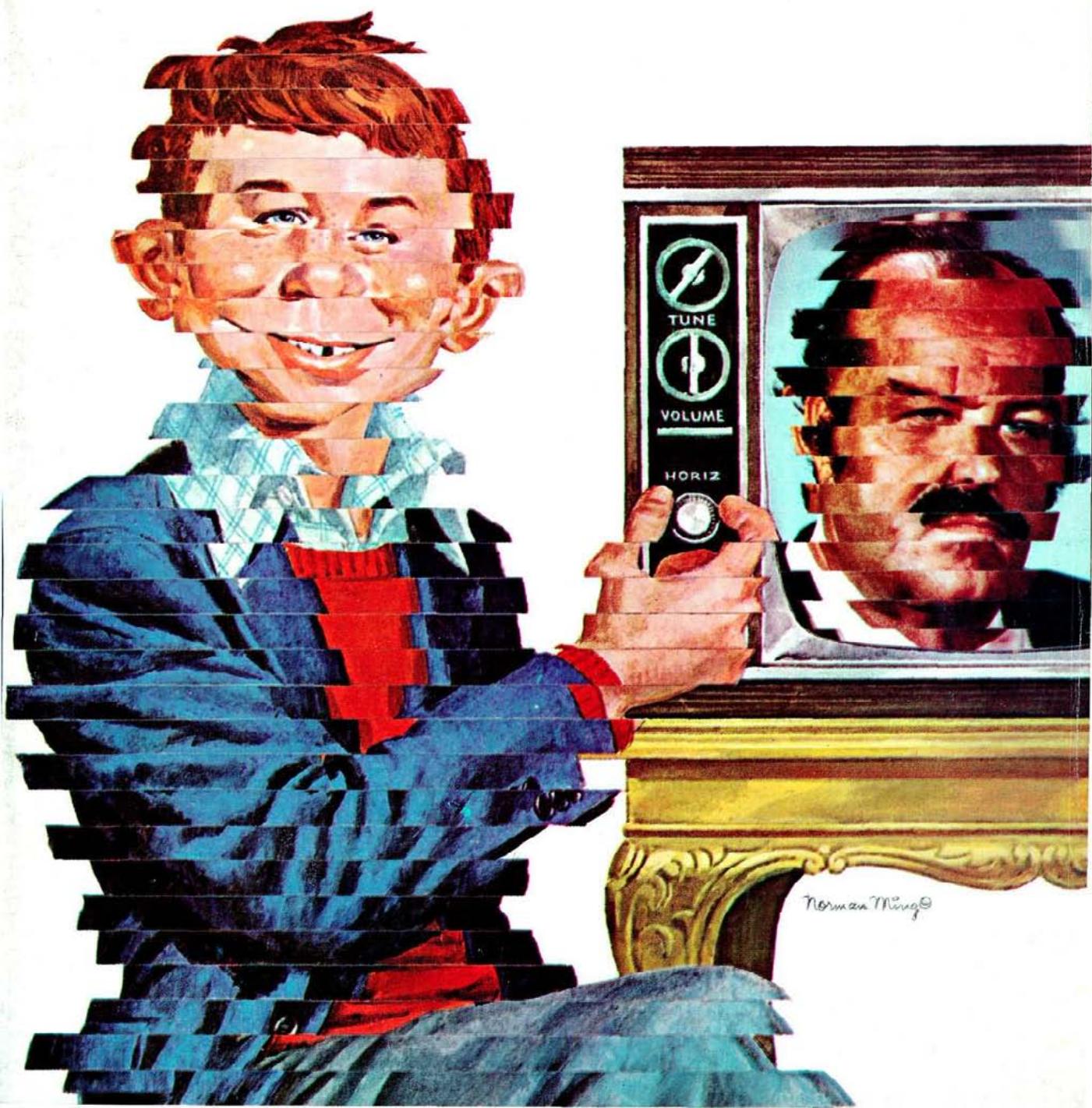


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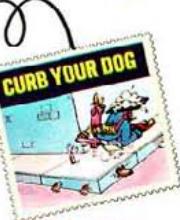
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 CURTIS ANDERSON, DAVID FRAZIER *subscriptions*

CONTRIBUTING ARTISTS AND WRITERS  
*the usual gang of idiots*

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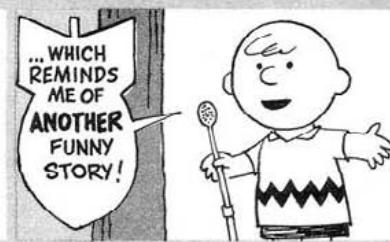
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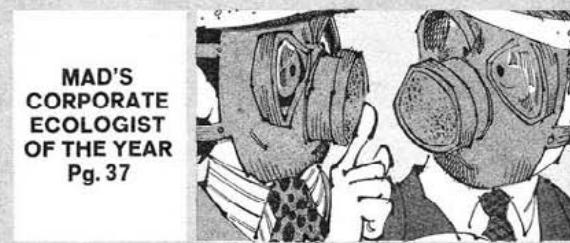
\*\*Various Places Around The Magazine

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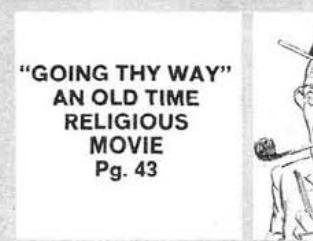
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 Pg. 4



CANNONBALL  
 (A MAD  
 TV SHOW  
 SATIRE)  
 Pg. 7



A HIGH SCHOOL  
 YEAR BOOK  
 THAT TELLS IT  
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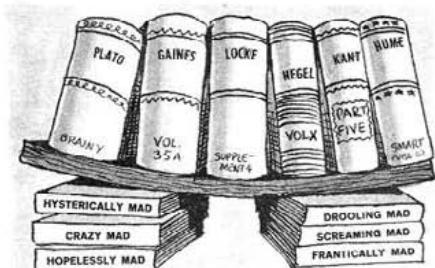


"GOING THY WAY"  
 AN OLD TIME  
 RELIGIOUS  
 MOVIE  
 Pg. 43



"GOING WAY OUT"  
 A MODERN  
 RELIGIOUS  
 MOVIE  
 Pg. 46

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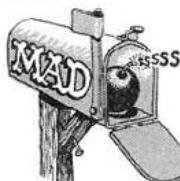
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### LETTERS DEPT.



#### MAD TV VIEWERS HATE BOOK

I thoroughly enjoyed Al Jaffee's "MAD TV Viewers Hate Book." I hate getting totally involved in a TV movie and when the good part comes my mother makes me go to bed. I'm twelve.

Jim Flax  
Miami, Fla.

Thanks to Al Jaffee, I now go deeper into nausea when I see those idiotic commercials he depicted.

Carl Fazzari  
Ozone Park, N.Y.

After reading Al Jaffee's "MAD TV Viewers Hate Book," I turned off my set ... permanently!

Lisa Gray  
Greensboro, N.C.

#### STILL THE SAME OLD GAS!

Your NIXXON mini-poster occupies a prominent place on my wall with your other political gems.

Phyllis Blattstein  
New York, N.Y.

#### THE POWERS THAT BE

America is using up more energy than it produces, but MAD produces more energy than it uses.

Zoe Waldron  
Sea Cliff, N.Y.

#### "COLUMBO" CATCHES UP WITH MAD

Just the other day I was sayin' to my wife: Those guys at MAD sure get away with murder!

Peter Falk  
as "Columbo"  
Hollywood, Calif.

#### REWRITING YOUR WAY TO A PH.D.

If I had any contact or influence with whoever publishes the annual anthologies of best short stories, or best humor, I would recommend Tom Koch's "Ph.D." to them without hesitation. Robert Benchley couldn't have done better in his day!

The Rev. Wm. Sorrel Watertown, Conn.

Tom Koch possesses a gift for parodying truth with truth!

Emory Damron  
Arlington, Va.

Thoroughly enjoyed "Rewriting Your Way To A Ph.D."

Mrs. Bishop  
Thesis Editor  
Iowa State U.  
Ames, Iowa

You just ruined my chances by divulging students' "trade secrets." I recently received my Master's Degree, but now that the college professors know of the time-honored tradition of rewriting ancient crud, I'll never get my Ph.D.

Nora Chermak  
Bemidji State College  
Bemidji, Minn.

#### "MAD WORLD OF WILLIAM M. GAINES"

Just saw a copy of the Gaines biography. It probably will be a highly stolen book.

J. B. Post  
The Free Library  
of Philadelphia  
Philadelphia, Pa.

#### PATTERNS OF SPEECH

Artist Bob Clarke should take some lessons in spider-web weaving. In "Patterns Of Speech," he has a spider-web of separate, concentric circles going around the "spokes." Spiders make their webs by spinning their webs a *continuous spiral* around the "spokes." I showed that pattern to a spider in my house, and he almost died laughing.

Kenneth Mikulina  
Chicago, Ill.



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#### "THE NEW COMEDIANS"

I had never the urge to write to you, until "The New Comedians." It was a fantastic bust of "The New Centurions." And I am in the Police Academy. If that's the way it's going to be, I think I'll "cop" out!

Pam Millick  
St. Louis, Mo.

As a policeman myself, plus a lifetime reader of MAD, I believe your attempt at satire was cruel and unjust. There are bad policemen and good, but unfortunately only the bad get recognized. Such men and women, who shame the many Departments and Forces, are a small percentage as compared to the ratio of percentage of corruption in other lines of work, from politicians to factory workers. All we ask is a little respect and help.

Bill Foster  
Virginia Beach P.D.,  
Virginia

I couldn't stop laughing at "The New Comedians." But seriously, folks...

Keith McNeivins  
Roselle Park, N.J.

#### TYPICAL LIBERAL FAMILY INTERVIEW

In "MAD Interviews A Typical Liberal Family," Lou Silverstone conveyed a simple but true fact about our society's so called do-gooders and progressives.

Robert J. Braden  
Ft. Lauderdale, Fla.

Lou Silverstone and Paul Coker's incisive five pages of William M. Bugeyes calling on the Heartbleeds of New Leftchester is nothing short of Addison and Steele genius. As the essayist Addison put it, "Satires that are written with wit and spirit, are like poisoned darts, which not only inflict a wound, but make it incurable." This excellent article should have been your lead, instead of the inconsequential "New...ugh!...Comedians."

Maureen McCaffrey  
Pelham Manor, N.Y.

As soon as I find out the "Liberal position" on Lou Silverstone's article, I'll let you know whether I enjoyed it or not.

Les Abramovitz  
Pittsburgh, Pa.

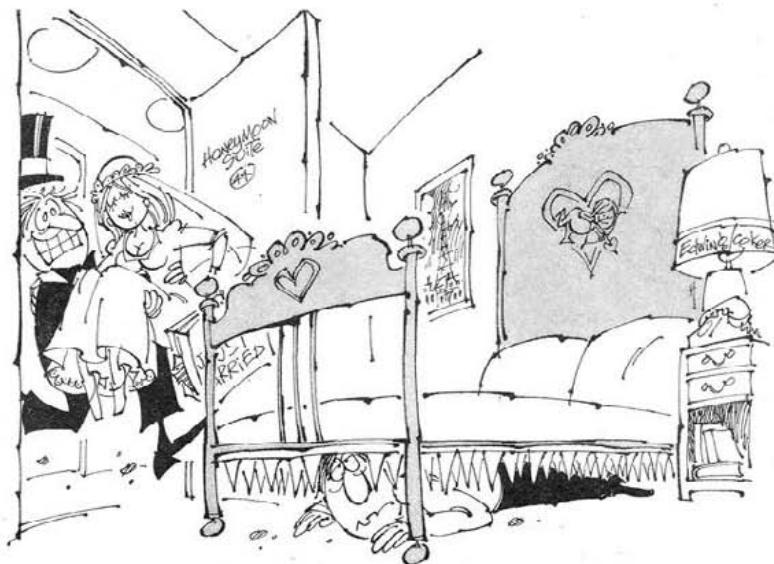
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After many requests and inquiries, we wish to announce that the Stock and Amateur Rights to THE MAD SHOW, the longest running Musical Revue in the history of the off-Broadway theatre, have been released to the general public. This means you can now present THE MAD SHOW in your own School, Church, Temple, Community or Summer Theatre, Club or backyard. For a copy of the script, and information as to how you can go about securing the Rights, just send two bucks to:

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Yep, at the bottom of these hysterically funny subscription pitches, we always leave room to let you know that the full-color portraits of Alfred E. Neuman, MAD's "What-Me Worry?" kid—suitable for framing, or training puppies—are still available! And if we can clean out the office they're stored in, we would save on the rent! So send 25¢ for 1, 50¢ for 3, \$1.00 for 9, \$2.00 for 27 or \$4.00 for 81 to: MAD, 485 MADison Avenue, New York, New York 10022

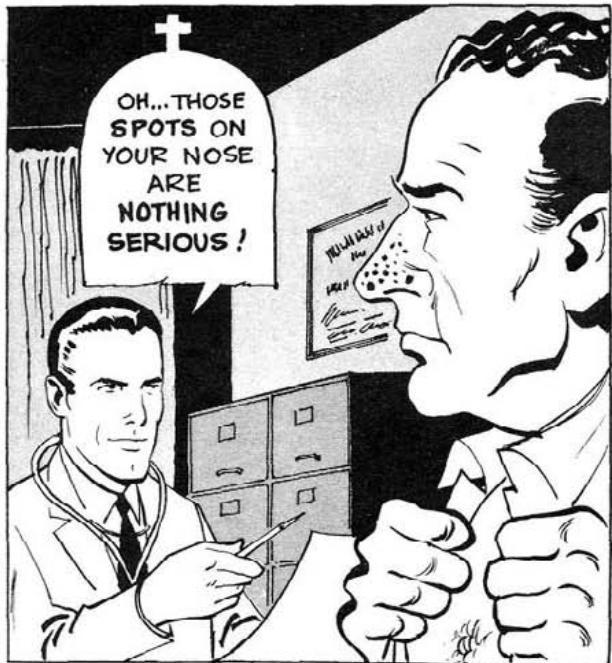


TRUE-TO-FORM DEPT.

Today, everything is psychologically oriented. Books, movies, plays . . . all probe their characters' innermost thoughts and emotions. Which may be one reason why Syndicated

# TELL-TALE COMIC

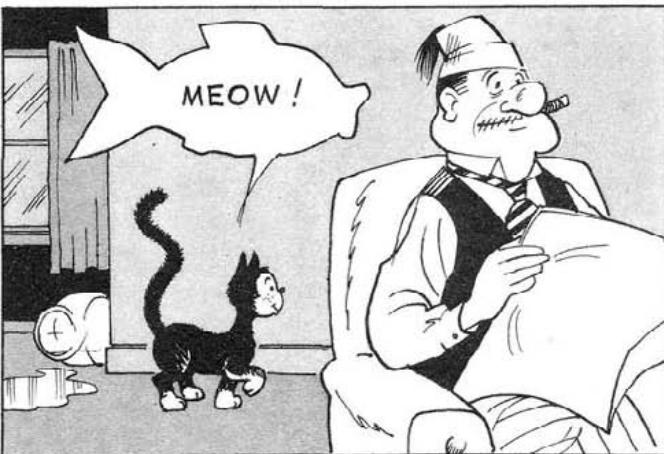
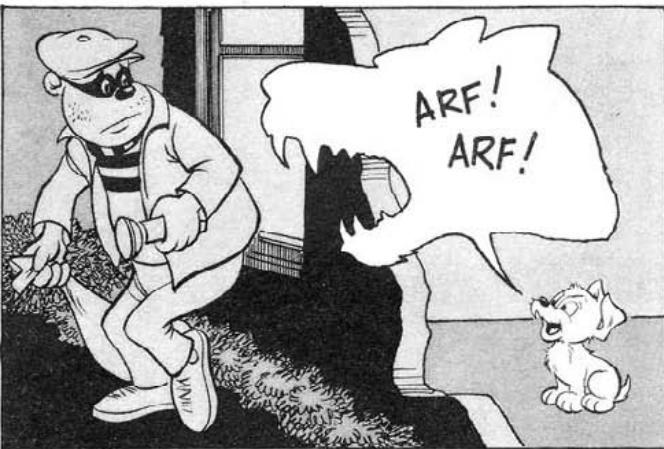
ARTIST: BOB CLARKE

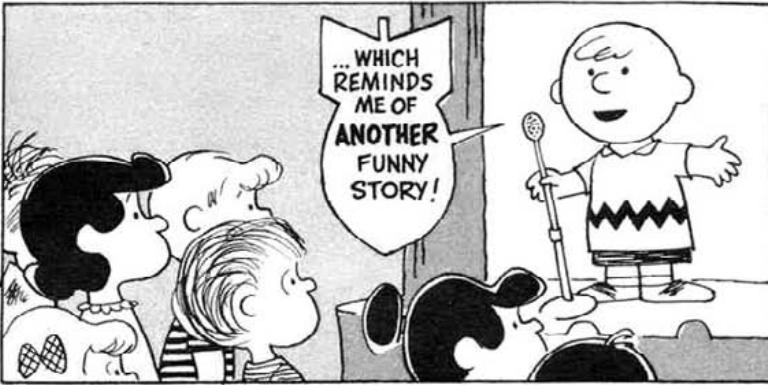


Comic Strips are slowly fading from the American scene. It may be that they lack this psychological depth. So why not add a new Freudian dimension to Comic Strips by using

# STRIP BALLOONS

WRITER: DON EDWING





**THE FAT'S ON THE FIRE DEPT.**

The creative geniuses at the Television Networks seem to be hung up on a new trend: **Handicapped TV Detectives**. Witness "Ironside" (Crippled!), "Longstreet" (Blind!), "Columbo" (Mentally Retarded!), "Banacek" (Polish—a handicap if there ever was one!) and *this* guy... a Private Eye with the biggest handicap of them all—Overweight! And what's a better name for our MAD version of this fat, roly-poly TV Detective who packs a gun than...



# CANNONBALL

Are you Mr. Cannonball?

No... I'm the Thin Man with a gland condition! What's on your mind?

My Husband has been murdered! The bullet came from my gun! I have no alibi, and I've collected a lot of Insurance Money! But I didn't do it! Do you believe me?

Of course I do...!

You do...?!

Sure! I mean, if you're not telling the truth, Santa won't bring you anything for Christmas, will he?!!

I guess if you believe ONE crazy story, you'll believe ANYTHING!! Should I go on...?

No...! First, I must have a little soup! Will you join me?

Why, yes! How kind of you to ask! I'm starved! What kind of soup is it?

It's my very own special gourmet creation! Cream of Rutabaga soup!

Er... like I said, I just had a huge meal!



Tell me, Mrs. Bag, how did your Hus-

Why, you called me "Mrs. Bag" ... and I didn't even introduce myself!

I'm a Detective, ALMA... and I'm trained to make observations! Actually, I saw the tag on your pocketbook!

My name's Mary West! Alma Bag is the name of the company that MADE my pocketbook! See...?

Forgive me! I've made that mistake only once before! I thought a man wearing a very expensive looking suit was named "Robert Hall"!

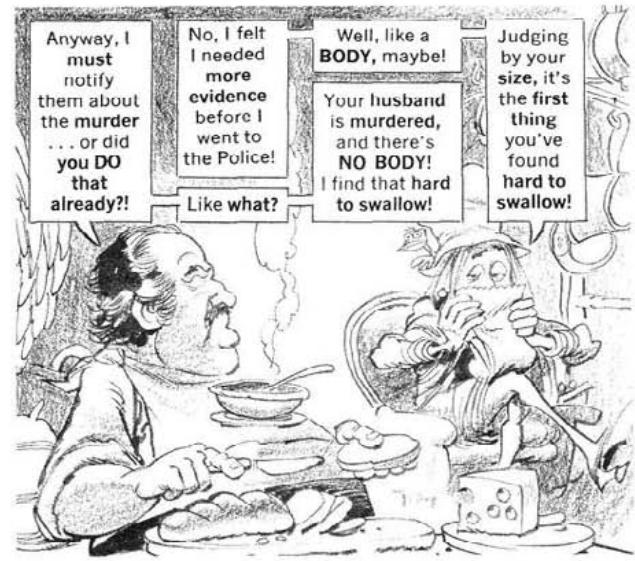
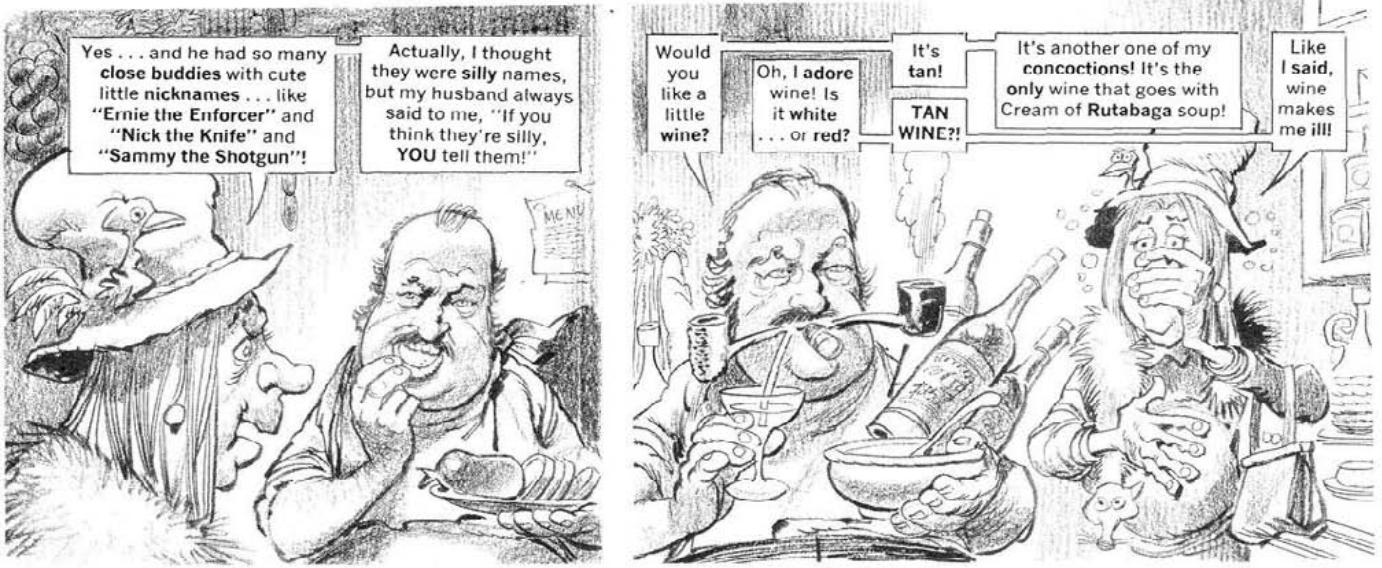
But getting back to your Husband, Mrs. West, did he have any enemies?

No, he was loved by everyone he knew, especially in his business!

What kind of business was that? He ran a Non-Union Shop on the waterfront!

Oh, yeah! That can lead to a lot of love!





You cover it up very well!

Mrs. West, I'm going to pay a call on your Husband's business partner! Something is definitely NOT KOSHER!

How could it be? My Husband's partner's name is Rocko Pastapizza!

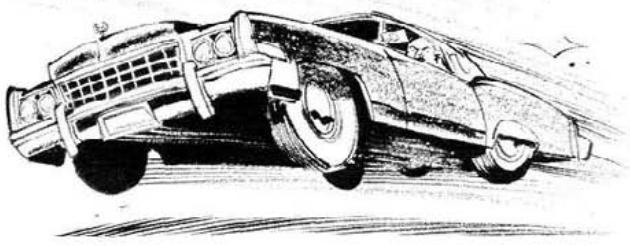
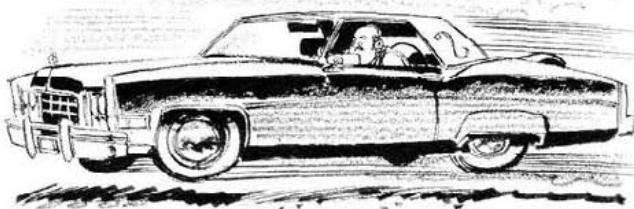
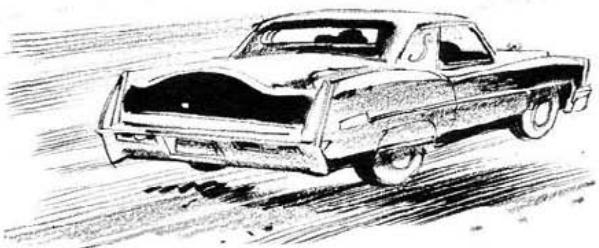
I do the comedy routines on the program, Mrs. West!

I know! I've seen you use your Karate! It's a little broad, but it's very funny! Mr. Cannonball, we haven't discussed your FEE yet!

Er—I never talk about fees, Mrs. West, except in total secrecy! I do not want information like that to leak out to any undesirable persons!

Like the Underworld?

No, like the Internal Revenue Service!



Okay, Mack!  
Pull that load over to the side!

Sure! And how about my CAR? Just a little of my famous dry humor to brighten up your day!

So how come it suddenly looks like rain?

Officer, you can't give me a summons because I haven't broken any laws! And if you're selling tickets to the Policemen's Ball, I'm afraid that my Dance Card is all filled!

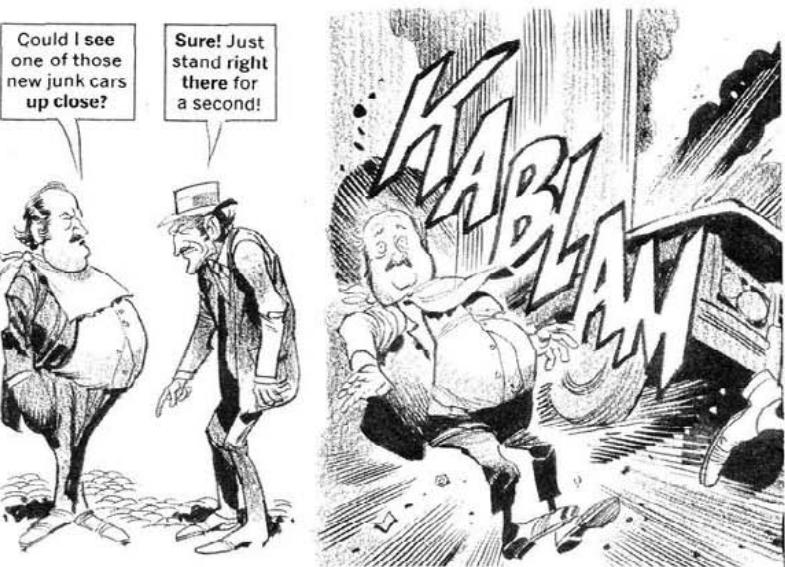
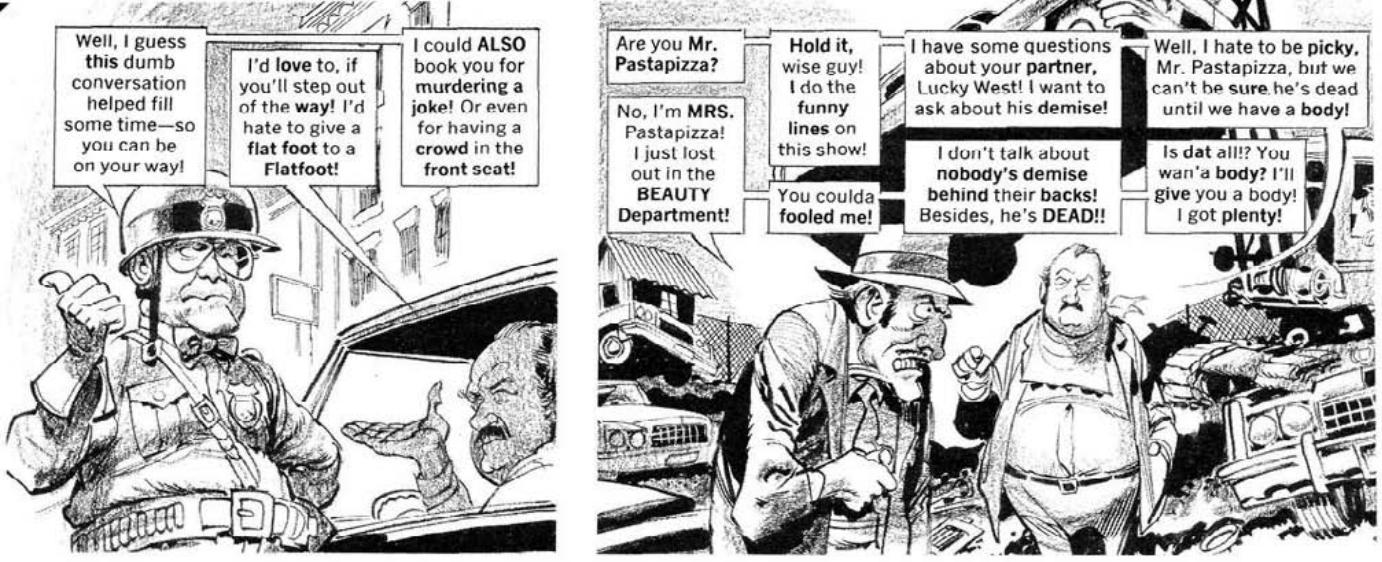
Oh, yeah!? Well, I COULD run you in for Attempted Humor!

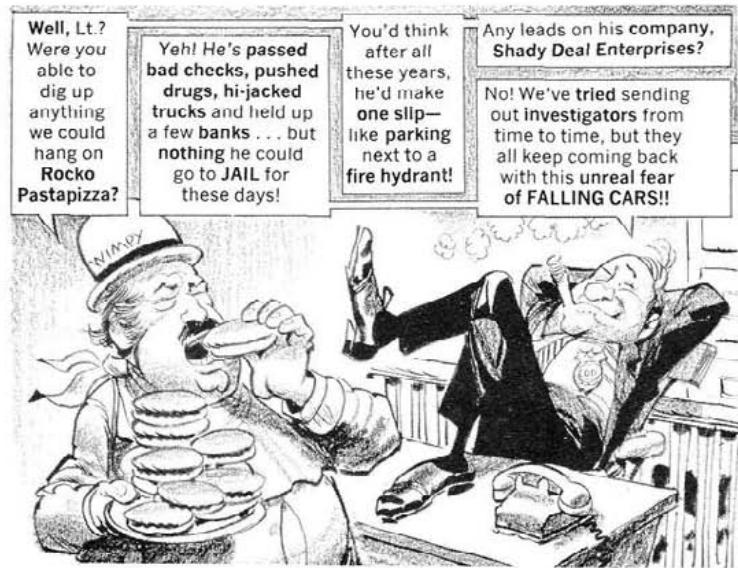
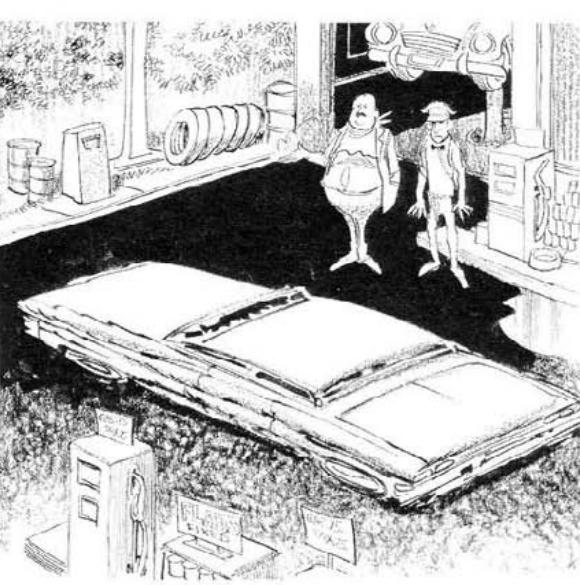
Actually, I stopped you out of curiosity! How come you drove around this same block six times?

Oh, well, you see, I'm a TV Detective, and every week, I have this great half-hour story to tell!

So it's an HOUR SHOW! I have to do SOMETHING to fill the time! So I do about 30 minutes of "driving around while looking grim" each week!







You mentioned collecting the Insurance Money on your Husband's death, Mrs. West! Tell me, exactly HOW MUCH?

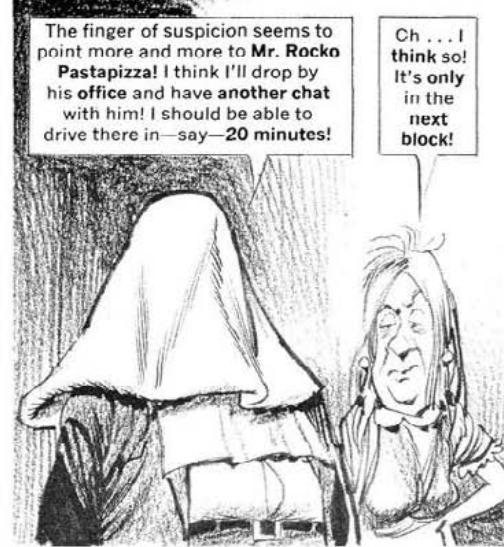
It was a \$500,000 policy, divided equally between Mr. Pastapizza, his business partner, and myself!

Divided equally, that would be \$100,000 for you . . . and \$300,000 for Mr. Pastapizza!

Mr. Cannonball, your Math is as bad as mine! \$125,000 for me and only \$375,000 for him!

Ch . . . I think so! It's only in the next block!

The finger of suspicion seems to point more and more to Mr. Rocko Pastapizza! I think I'll drop by his office and have another chat with him! I should be able to drive there in—say—20 minutes!



Hello . . . Mobile Operator? Please connect me with The Candlewood Inn Steak House!

Candlewood Inn Steak House . . .

Hi! This is Frank Cannonball! I'd like you to deliver a thick filet mignon—rare—and a large salad with blue cheese dressing!

Very good, Sir! And where shall we deliver it . . . ?

River Avenue and 136th Street . . . Er . . . make that 137th Street . . . No, 139th Street—I mean, 140th . . . Would you believe 141st Street??!

Now, that's what I call class! A Secretary having a white wine with lunch!

No, don't tell me! Let me taste it! Ali—it's a Pinot Blanc '63!

I know A Santa Clara '68!  
No . . . it's a 7-Up '73!

Oh, Well! Those two always tasted so much alike to me!



Now, what can I do for you, Mr. Gourmet?

I'm here to see Mr. Rocko Pastapizza! Tell him his little game is UP!

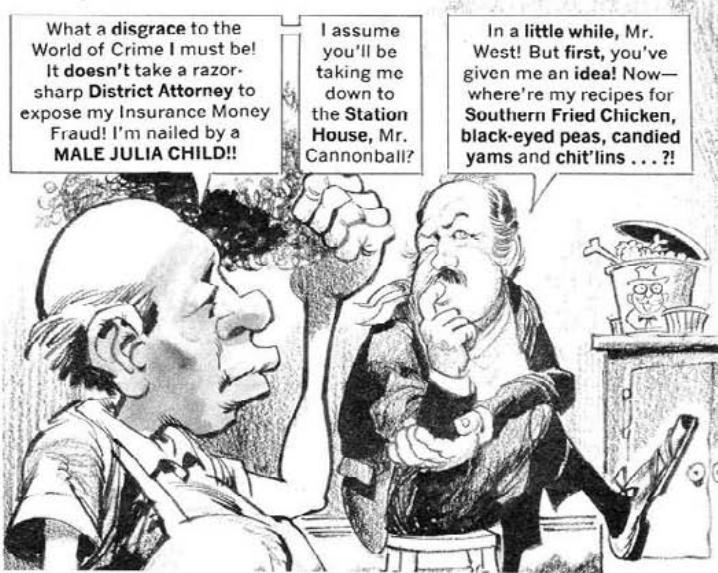
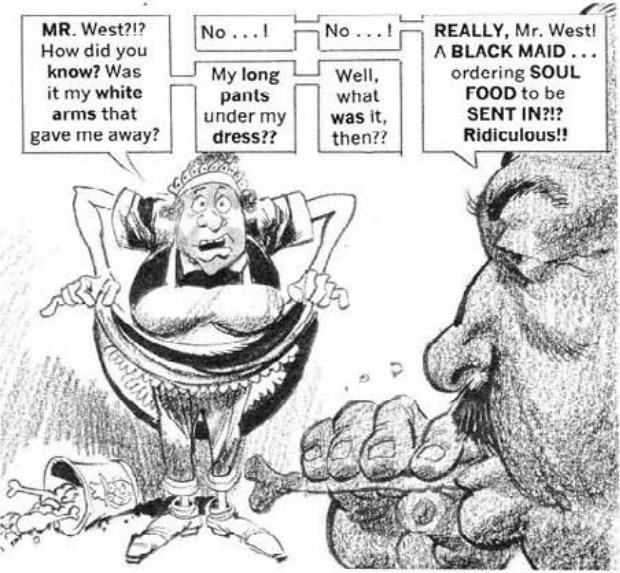
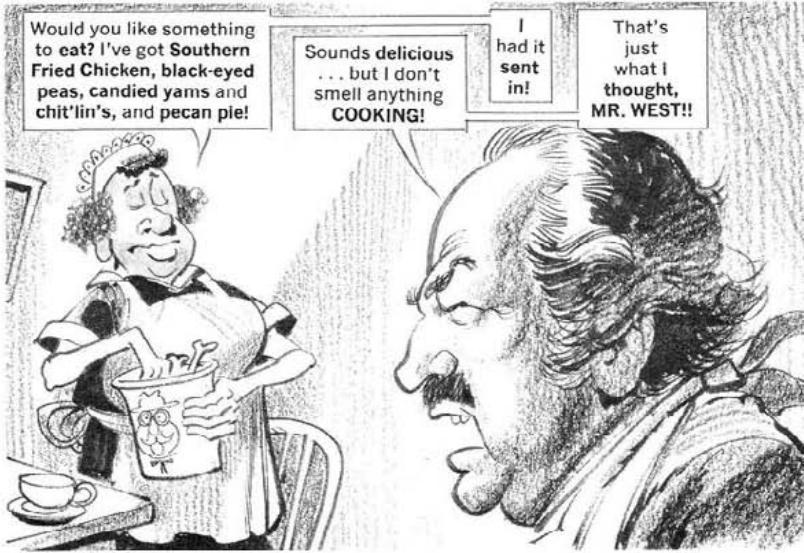
So's his BIG game! He's dead!

DEAD?? Was it from natural causes?

Yeah, they found him in a room filled with NATURAL GAS!!

Gee, I'm really doing a lot of driving in this episode! I wonder if I should tell CBS I could easily fill up a 90-MINUTE SHOW . . . like "Clodumbo" and "McCluck" and "Makemillions and Wife" and "Hack Ramsnose" are doing?!





# DISTINCTIVE WEDDING

## FROM A LIBERATED WOMAN

Ms. Samantha Rustgrease  
Unequivocally Announces  
The Satisfactory Signing  
Of a Marriage Contract  
With  
Harvey (nee Schnook) Rustgrease  
The Details of Which  
Include  
Separate Bank Accounts,  
Separate Apartments  
And a Bill of Rights to Cover  
The Couple's Contrasting  
Life Styles  
And Visiting Rights with Each Other  
Tuesdays and Alternate Fridays

## FROM A LIBERATED MAN

Monte McHugh  
Is Tickled Pink to Announce  
After Four Years of Paying  
Nine Hundred and Fifty Dollars per Month  
In Alimony  
He Can Swing Again  
Following the Marriage of His Ex-Wife  
Belinda  
To T. Bascomb Schlepp

## FROM LOYAL PARENTS

Mr. and Mrs. Geoffrey Farfel  
Feel Compelled to Announce  
The Rather Hastily Arranged Marriage  
Of Their Daughter  
Melba  
To Fortune-Hunter Pierre LaDrecque  
In The Maternity Ward Chapel  
Mercy Hospital  
On Wednesday, the Eighteenth of April  
Nineteen Hundred and Seventy-Three

## FROM PROUD PARENTS



Mr. and Mrs. Cyrus Mumbleman  
Not To Be Outdone  
By The Flieghem Wedding Last Year  
Proudly Announce The Social Event  
Of The Decade  
The Marriage Of  
Their Delight, Their Darling  
Rosalie  
To Future Supreme Court Judge Ronald Surmley  
The Cost of the Entire Affair  
To Exceed Fourteen Thousand Dollars  
Not Counting the Price  
Of Arthur Fiedler and the Boston Pops  
The Cast of "Holiday On Ice"  
The Flying Wallendas  
And George Jessel  
On Sunday, the Tenth of June  
Nineteen Hundred and Seventy-Three  
Madison Square Garden

## FROM HAPPY PARENTS



Mr. Monroe Spritzer  
President of Spritzer Industries  
And His Wife, Jeanine,  
Realizing the Slim Chance  
Of Ever Unloading  
Their Fat, Stupid Mouth of a Daughter  
Estelle  
Are Pleased to Announce  
The Acceptance of  
Marvin Grieb  
As Husband and Executive Vice-President  
Through an Agreement Signed  
On Tuesday, the Sixth of February  
Nineteen Hundred and Seventy-Three

# G ANNOUNCEMENTS



WRITER: FRANK JACOBS

## FROM DISTRESSED PARENTS



Mr. and Mrs. Oswald Dinwiddie  
Have No Choice but to Announce  
The Nude Wedding  
And Subsequent Orgy  
Of Their Daughter  
Quandra  
To Milton ("The Head") Eggblatt  
At High Noon  
On Monday, the Twenty-Eighth of May  
Nineteen Hundred and Seventy-Three  
Times Square

## FROM VERY DISTRESSED PARENTS

Mr. and Mrs. S. Thaddeus Wicks  
Announce the Disowning  
Of Their Daughter  
Clarice  
Following Her Marriage to  
Igor ("God") Mishkin  
And Apostles  
Cosmo Calhoun and  
Lester ("Speed") Quigley  
Sometime Last Year  
At the  
Children of the Enchanted Flower Commune  
Taos, New Mexico

## FROM TOTALLY DISTRESSED PARENTS



Major General and Mrs. Styles Wilberforce  
Are Forced by the Rules of Etiquette  
To Announce the Marriage  
Of Their Only Son  
Charles  
To Herman Raffensberger

## FROM A FUTURE BRIDE

Miss Veronica Hotstrut  
Is Pleased to Announce  
That Despite her Impending Marriage  
To Eighty-Two-Year-Old  
Zinc Tycoon  
G. Godfrey Grint  
She is Still Very Much in Action

## FROM A MAFIA CHIEF



Don Vittorio Collazo  
Founder, Godfather  
And Supreme Being  
Of The Collazo Family  
Regrets to Announce  
The Permanent Postponement  
Of The Wedding of his Daughter  
Maria  
Owing to the Sudden Disappearance  
Of Bridegroom Carlo Lambretti  
East River  
On Tuesday, the Eighth of January  
Nineteen Hundred and Seventy-Three

## FROM A DELIGHTED COUPLE

Gloria and Harold Himbersham  
Are Overjoyed to Announce  
That Gloria's Widowed Mother  
Gertrude Grintz  
After Living With Them  
For Eight Horrible Years  
Has, Following a West Indies Cruise,  
Landed a Second Husband  
Retired Furter Morris Blemish  
And Will Move Immediately,  
Thank God,  
From Their House in Connecticut  
To a Condominium  
In Fort Lauderdale

## FROM A GOSSIP COLUMNIST

Waldo [“Broadway Beat”] Wickles  
 And B.W. (Beautiful Wife)  
 Reveal it’s Wedding Bells  
 For Daughter Esther  
 Who’ll Middle-Aisle It  
 With Lance Freebish  
 (He’s the Blintz Biggie)  
 Around Noonish This Saddy  
 St. Pat’s  
 (Remember—you heard it here first!)

## FROM AN ESPIONAGE AGENT

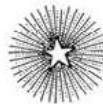
K341 AND “SUNFLOWER”  
 CAUTIOUSLY DISCLOSE  
 THE CARRYING OUT OF  
 “OPERATION ALTAR”  
 INVOLVING THE APPARENT MARRIAGE  
 OF THEIR DAUGHTER  
 “TOPAZ”  
 TO DOUBLE AGENT H97  
 AT THE APPOINTED HOUR  
 AT THE USUAL PLACE  
 UNLESS FOLLOWED

## FROM A BRITISH NOBLEMAN



His Grace  
 The Duke of Flutney  
 Fifty-Seventh in Line to the British Throne  
 Is Relieved to Announce  
 The End of His Impoverishment  
 And the Rescue of his Ancestral Home  
 Rancid Oaks  
 From Creditors  
 Following his Marriage of Convenience  
 To American Lard Heiress  
 Mary Jane Muncrief  
 On Sunday, the Fifteenth of April  
 Nineteen Hundred and Seventy-Three

## FROM A FILM STAR



Renowned Motion Picture Star  
 And International Beauty  
 Rhonda Vapp  
 Is Delighted To Announce  
 Her Sixth Marriage  
 To Oilman Clint Sturdley  
 On Sunday The Tenth Of December  
 Nineteen Hundred And Seventy-Three

## FROM A PRO FOOTBALL TEAM OWNER



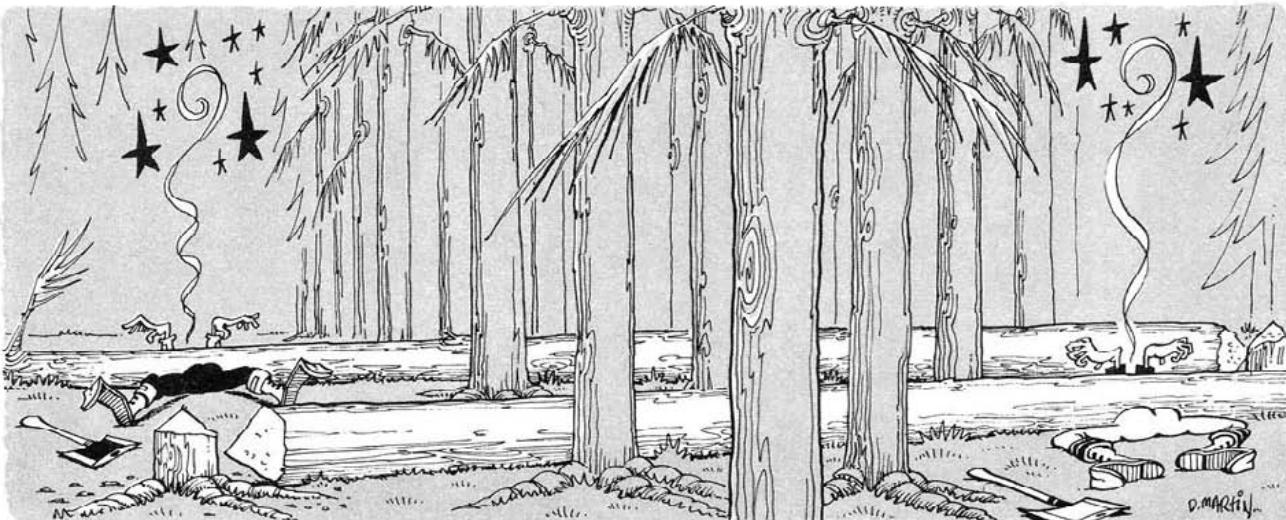
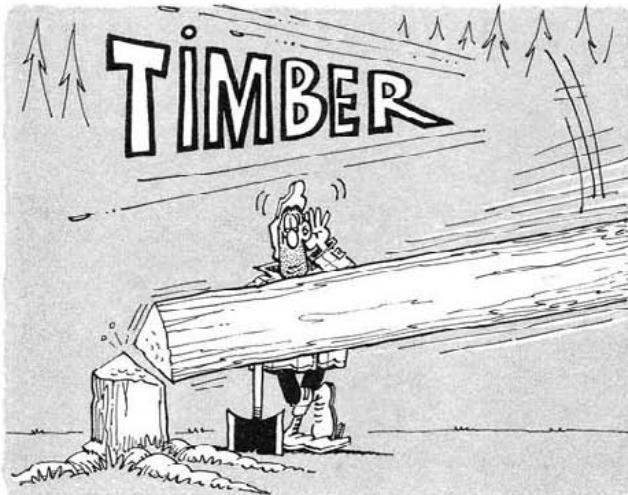
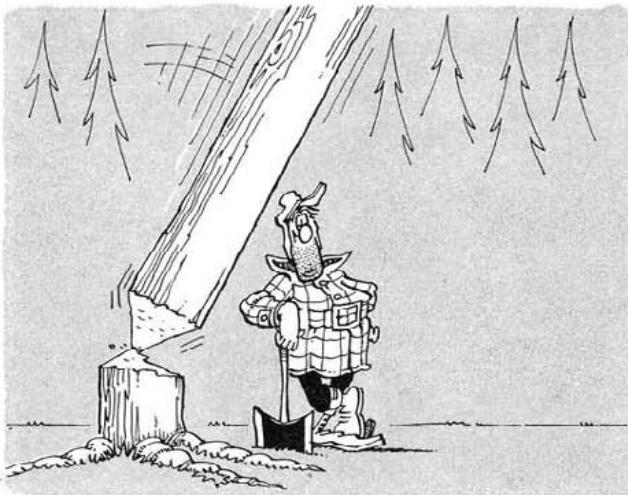
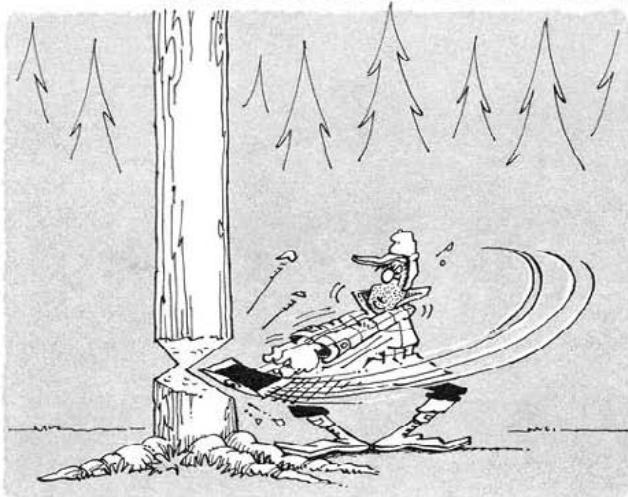
Cheyenne Geldings Owner Cyrus Wiltfang  
 And Wife Harriet  
 Request Your Presence  
 At The Outright Release  
 Of Their Daughter  
 Camilla  
 To Linebacker Ronnie Bushwater  
 Obtained from the Memphis Rabbits  
 For Thirty Thousand Dollars  
 A Running Back  
 And a Future Fifth-Round Draft Choice  
 On Sunday, the Seventh of October  
 At Halftime  
 Of the Cheyenne-Memphis Game  
 Gelding Stadium

## FROM A DISCOUNT STORE OWNER

# Big Savings

ONE DAY ONLY!  
 SATURDAY AT 2 P.M!  
 Mr. and Mrs. HONEST JOHN Mulvaney  
 Offer A ONCE-IN-A-LIFETIME  
 FAMILY  
 CLEARANCE  
 Namely Their Daughters,  
 BEATRICE,  
 LILLIAN  
 and  
 MARY BETH  
 Offered AS IS  
 To The First Takers!  
 ALL TRANSACTIONS C.O.D!  
 PHONE ORDERS NOT ACCEPTED!  
 Free Parking With Any Wedding Gift  
 Costing Over \$25!  
 Main St. Outlet

# ONE DAY IN THE NORTH WOODS



# THE LIGHTER SIDE OF...

# LEISURE

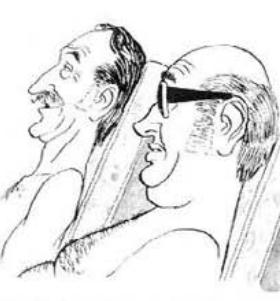
I'm ALL FOR leisure time  
... and lots of it!

Because husbands and wives  
get to see more of each  
other, get to know each  
other better, and get to  
know other people better!

And that's  
good for my  
business!

What IS  
your  
business?

I'm a DIVORCE LAWYER!!



Every night,  
you just sit  
around the  
house! Why  
don't you go  
out and DO  
something?!

I'd love  
to...  
but I'm  
afraid  
of the  
MUGGERS  
out there!

Why don't  
you learn  
the art of  
self-defense?  
Why don't you  
take Karate  
lessons?!

Hey, I like that!  
Then, if a mugger  
comes at me, I'll  
give him a chop  
... and toss him  
over my shoulder  
into tomorrow!

When do they  
hold these  
Karate classes?

Every Tuesday  
and Thursday  
night!

Forget it! I'd be afraid  
to walk to class!



Whoopie!!  
Another  
week-end!

Yeah!!  
Ain't that  
great!!

I've got Saturday planned down to  
the minute! Golf in the morning,  
a visit to an old Army buddy in  
the afternoon, and a date for  
dinner and a show at night!

That leaves me  
with only one  
small problem!

Oh...?  
What's  
that?

SUNDAY!





# RE TIME

ARTIST & WRITER: DAVE BERG

It says here that never before in **History** has there been a civilization with more leisure time, and the means to **enjoy it!**

Is that what it says?

Let me see . . . on Monday, I have my **Painting Class!** Tuesday is my **Mah Jongg game!** Wednesday is **golf!** Thursday is **P.T.A. meeting!** Friday is **theater night . . .**

. . . and on week-ends, we're at the house on **Candlewood Lake . . .**

**WITH ALL THAT TO DO . . . WHO'S GOT TIME FOR LEISURE?!**



Holy Good Night! Look at this Bank balance! Look at this Checking Account balance! We are slowly going **BROKE!!** Where does all the money go?

I'll tell you where it goes! **Shorter working hours, long week-ends, holidays, and a three week vacation each year!**

You mean, leisure time is **expensive!!**

You bet it is! So what can you do about it?!

Well, I'll just have to take a **second job** to pay for all my leisure time!



Hello, Lady of Leisure! What are you doing with all your free time?

Some Lady of Leisure! Some free time! I'm busier NOW than I've ever been in my life!

But they say Mothers who marry off daughters have more free time than anybody!

I'd like to know who THEY are who SAY all these dumb things?!?

Because all of MY "married-off" daughters are OFF MARRIAGE!!

And they've all come back to Mother . . . to live with her!!



I think it's wonderful of you to give so much of your time to these nuts!

Please! We do not refer to mentally deficient . . . or emotionally disturbed persons as "nuts"!

I—I AM sorry! I didn't mean to use such a cruel, unfeeling word! But you still deserve praise for volunteering so much of your time to them!

Well, my children are off to college or married . . . which leaves me a lot of free time! So if I didn't do something like this . . .

... I'D GO NUTS!!



Hoo-boy, did I have a tough day!

Oh, you poor Dear!

That partner of mine really let me down! He was no help at all! Then there was the trouble with the rackets! And the courts . . . you know how jammed up they are . . . !

It's impossible to get into the swing of things and do well with all that pressure! I sweated like a pig today!

TENNIS IS A TOUGH GAME!



I see you've got a "Hen Party" going on in your house! All they do is talk, talk, talk!

Yeah! And did you notice! They're all doing NEEDLE POINT! It's come back as a new popular craze!

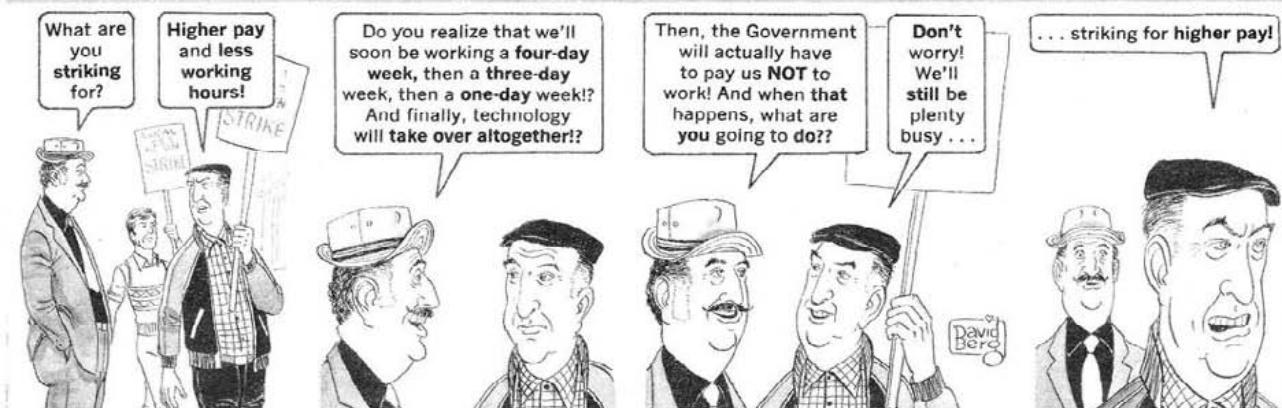
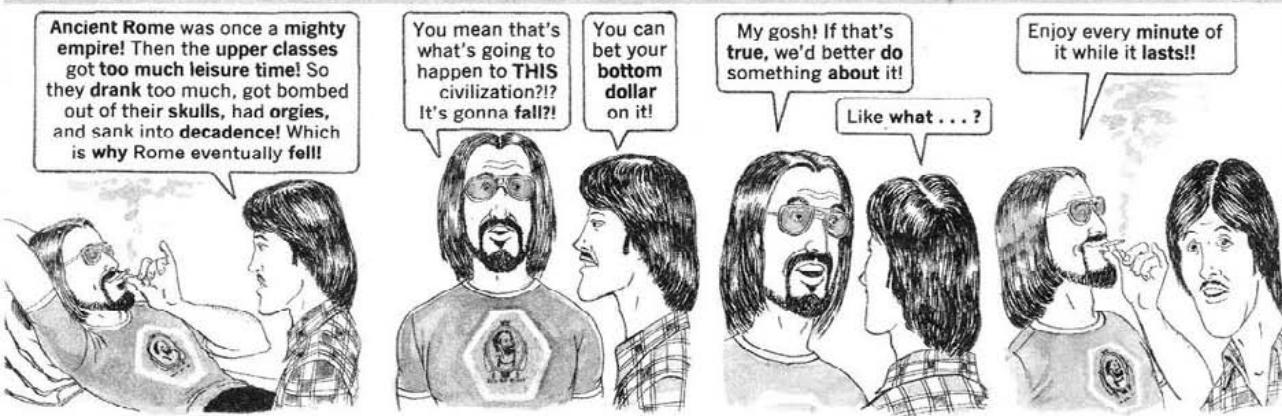
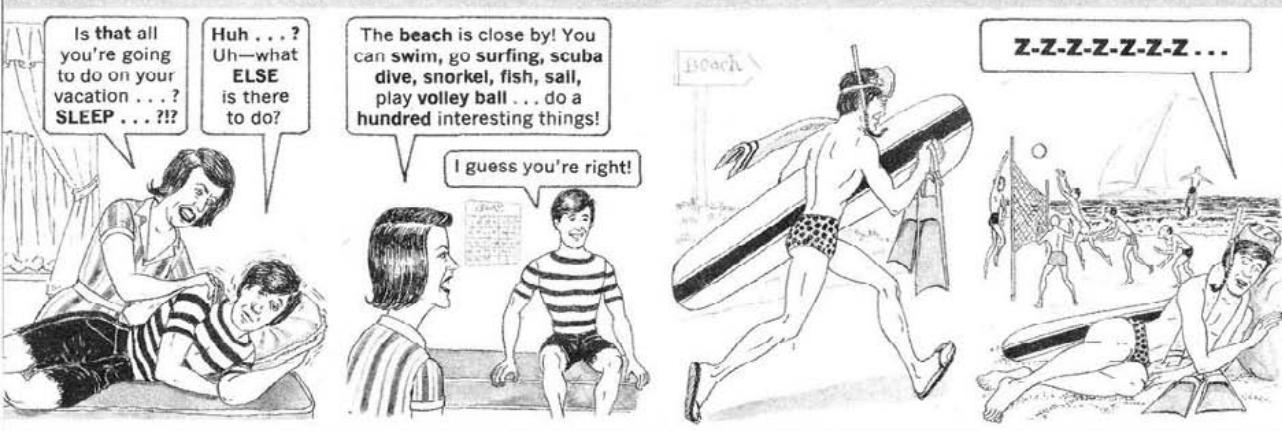
I noticed! I wonder how that happened?

The way I figure it . . .

The ladies have to have something to THINK about while they're talking!







ONE PICTURE IS WORTH 1000 WORDS & MUSIC DEPT.

# A **MAD** LOOK AT **SHEET** **MUSIC**

WRITER: FRANK JACOBS  
IDEA BY MAX BRANDEL



## BY THE TIME I GET TO PHOENIX

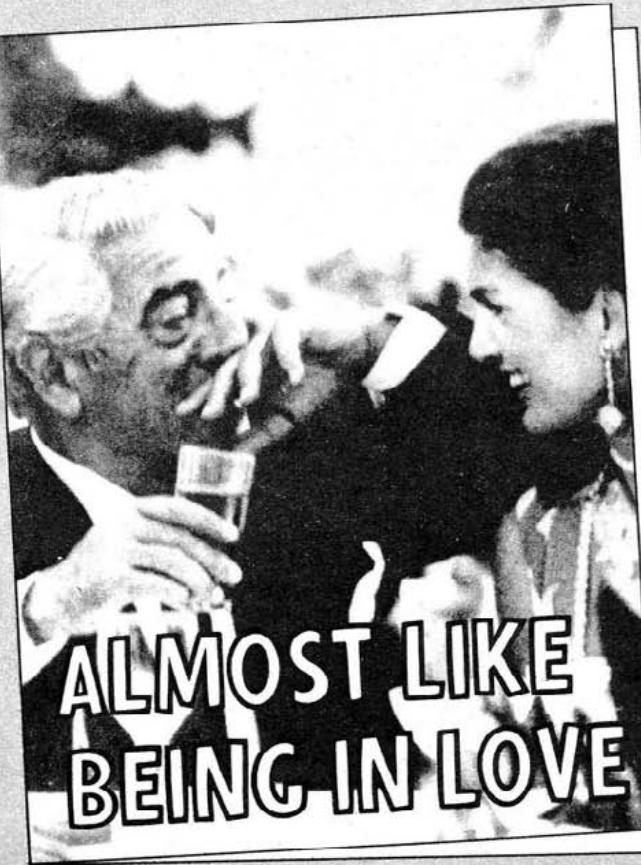


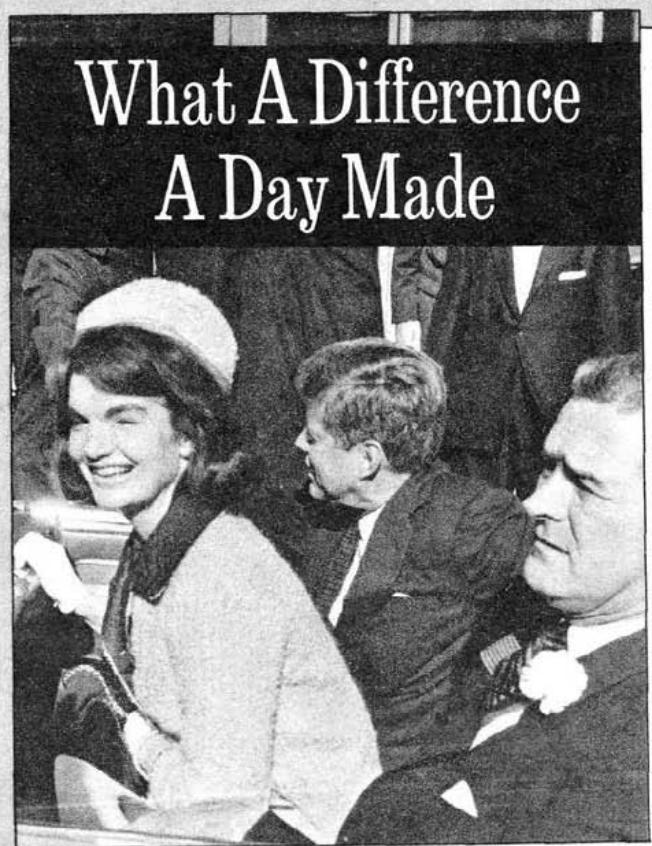
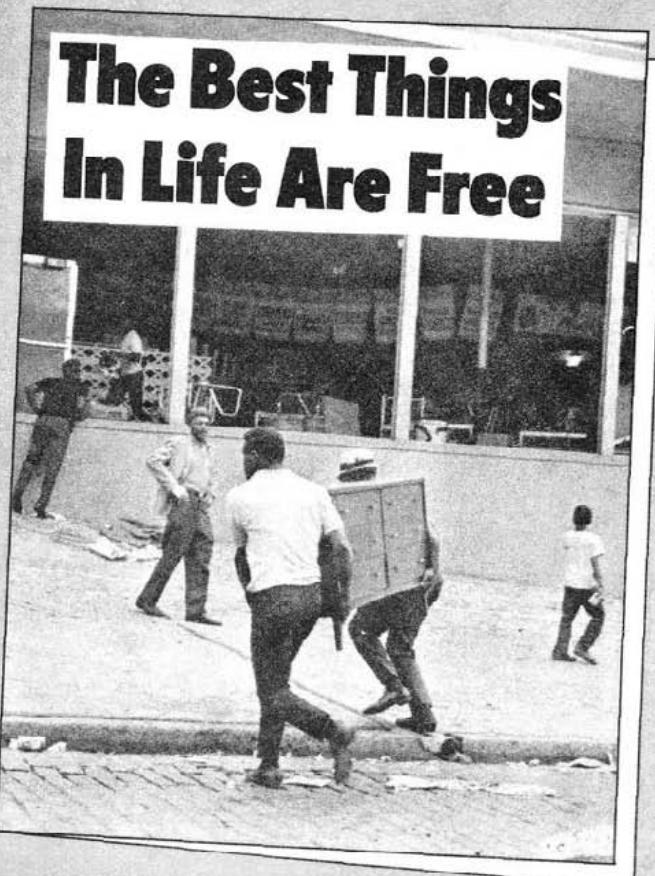
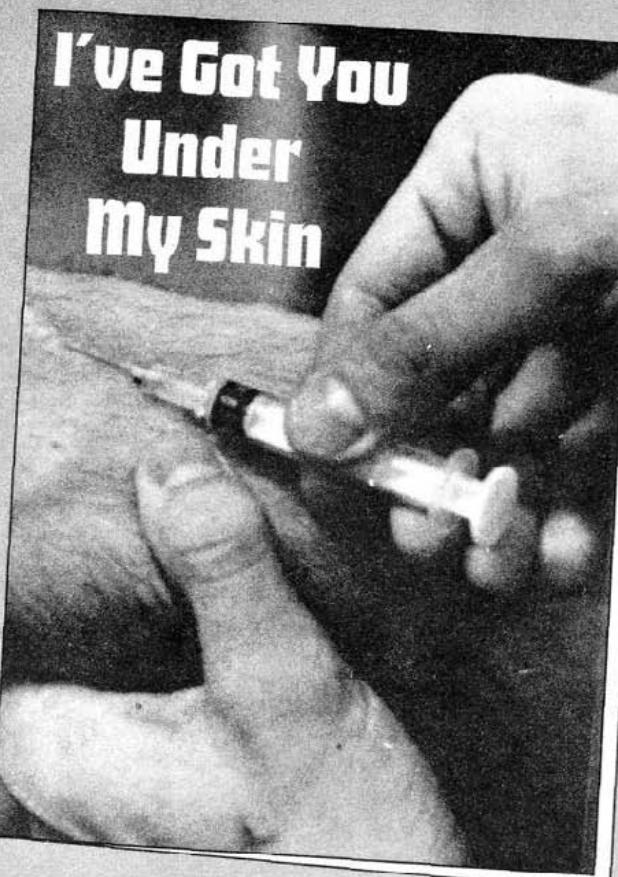
### WHAT DID I HAVE THAT I DON'T HAVE?

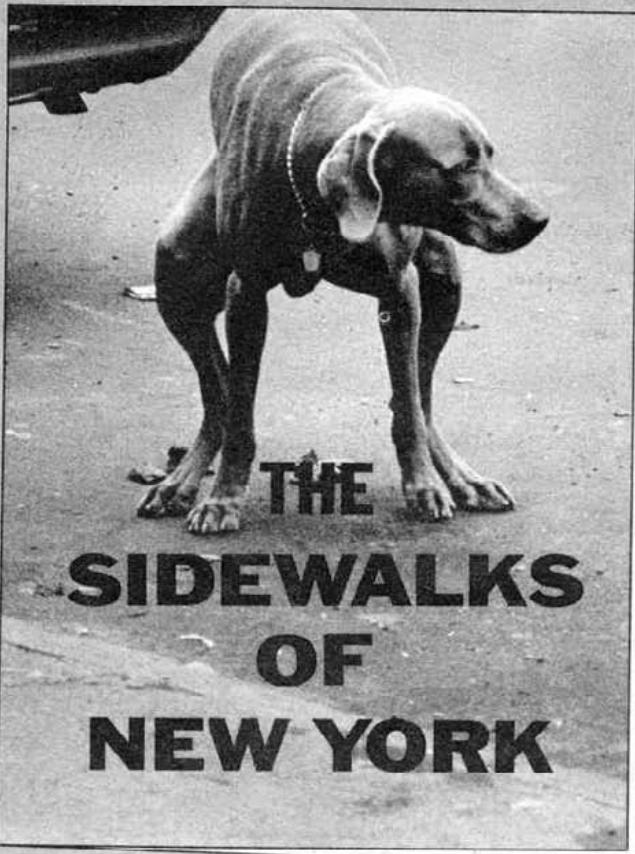


PHOTOS BY:  
UPI AND  
WORLD WIDE

### ALMOST LIKE BEING IN LOVE







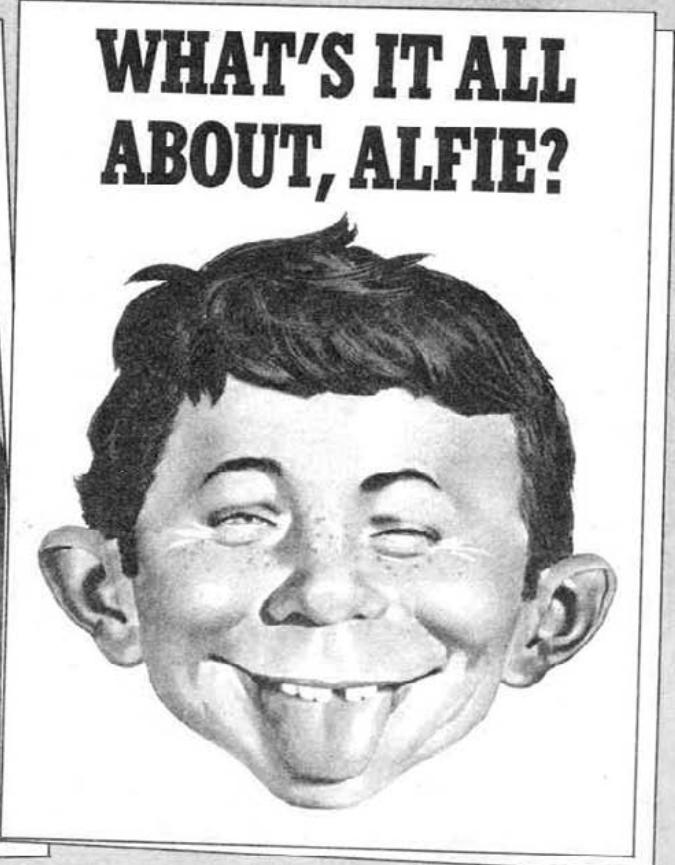
**THE  
SIDEWALKS  
OF  
NEW YORK**



**Bye, Bye,  
Blackbird!**

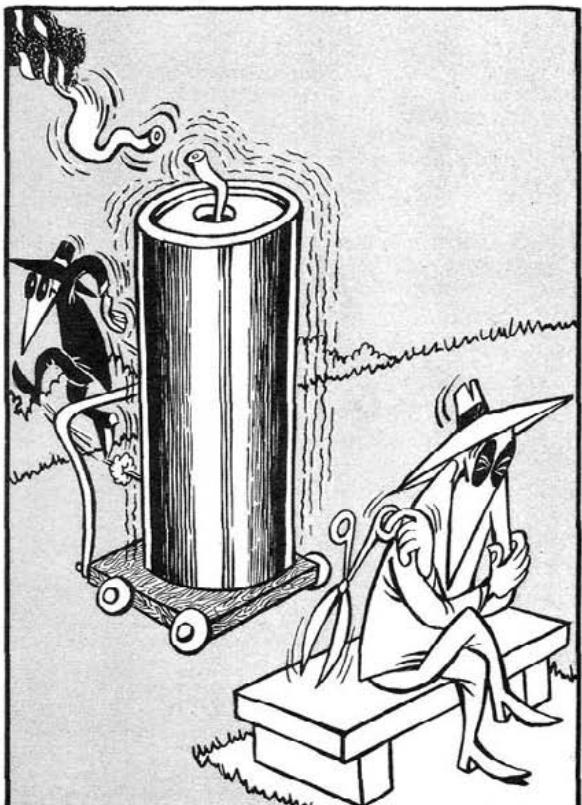
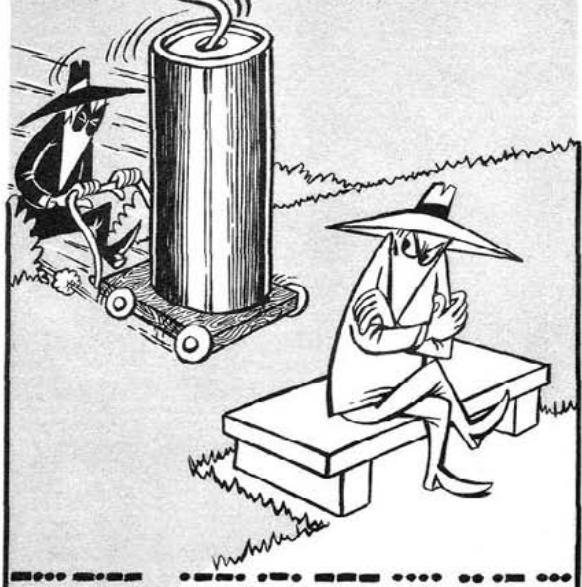


**MONDAY, MONDAY**



**WHAT'S IT ALL  
ABOUT, ALFIE?**

# SPY vs SPY



Hi! I'm Arthur Godly, and I've been asked to conduct another of these **ridiculous MAD** interviews! Now, let's talk to Mr. Gregory Garble, who we've named . . .

# MAD'S CORPORATE ECOLOGIST OF THE YEAR

Mr. Garble—

Just call me, Greg, Arthur, baby!

Greg, what are the big corporations doing about pollution?

Le'me open the window, dummy, and you can see for yourself!

No . . . I mean what are you doing about **SOLVING** the problem?

Arthur we're spending millions of dollars!

To clean up the atmosphere?

No . . . on advertising —to clean up the corporate image!



ARTIST: PAUL COKER, JR.

WRITER: LOU SILVERSTONE

Uh—you'd better close the window, Greg! Those fumes just killed your potted plant!

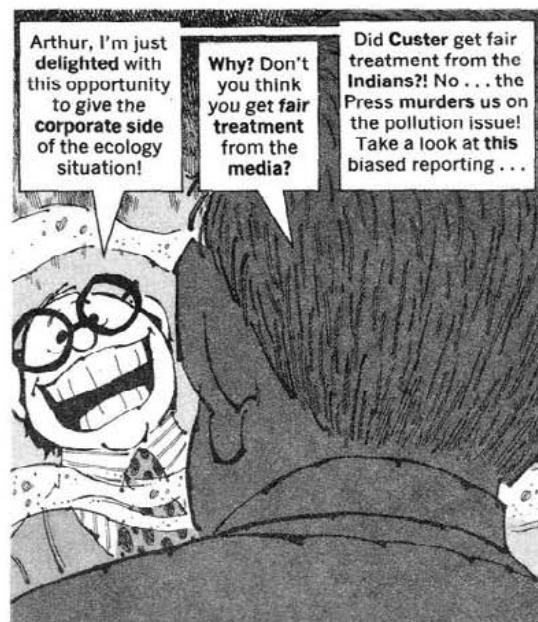
Hmmm! That's strange! It's an artificial tree!

Arthur, I'm just delighted with this opportunity to give the corporate side of the ecology situation!

Why? Don't you think you get fair treatment from the media?

Did Custer get fair treatment from the Indians?! No . . . the Press murders us on the pollution issue! Take a look at this biased reporting . . .

That spill took place at Coney Island . . . which means **nobody** would've even **NOTICED** it if it weren't for all this publicity!



And they didn't even mention the efforts the oil companies are making on behalf of the environment!

What are they doing?

I thought you'd never ask! At great expense, we formed the Ocean Ecology Research And Control Institute!

Oh? Is it trying to find a safer way to transport oil?

No, it is studying the alleged effects of alleged oil spills, and issuing reports proving there is no permanent damage to water and marine life!



But, Greg, doesn't more power plants mean more contamination?

Arthur, see this pop-top beer can? Do you realize it takes four times the amount of energy to produce this can as it did the old type that was opened manually?

Then why not go back to the old cans?! Or eliminate cans and throwaway bottles completely?!

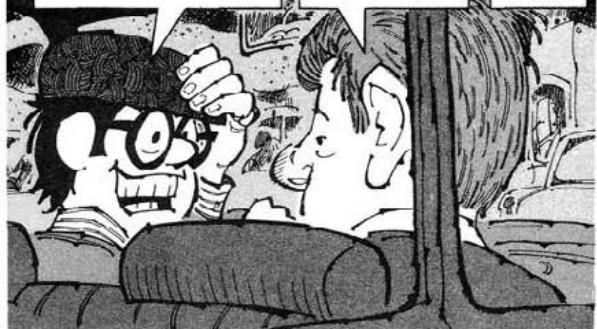
You're asking us to return to the Dark Ages! Dragging deposit bottles around! Really, Arthur!! Easy-open cans, plastic garbage bags, disposable diapers... these are the things that make America GREAT! Why, if you ban these simple basics, you might as well ban Mom and Apple Pie!



How do you like this cap? It's genuine seal skin—a gift from the Furrier's Association for the great job we did selling the public on the idea that the annual seal slaughter is a very humane thing!

Yes, I remember how you sold the public that one! How did you solve the OTHER problem?

What problem? How did you convince the seals?



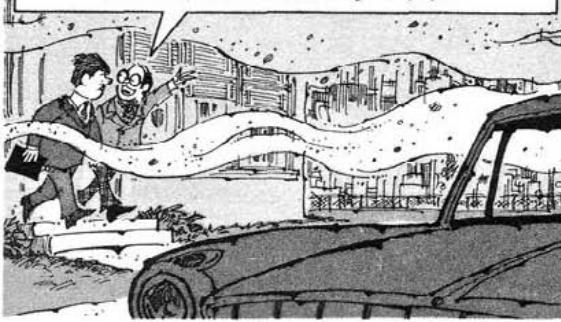
Here we are! Isn't this a beautiful sight! Would you believe there's a pulp mill on this lovely river?

Isn't that mill located downstream, where it actually can't affect this upstream area?

Upstream, downstream—it's still the same river! When you have your picture taken, don't you show your good side? Why should it be any different with rivers?



This whole situation is being blown way out of proportion by a bunch of ecology freaks who don't consider the needs of the American Consumer! We must have electricity to provide people with the bare necessities of life! And yet, these Econuts are trying to stop us from building more power plants! Incidentally, the Electric Companies are doing their bit for ecology! They're mailing out their bills in envelopes made from recycled paper!

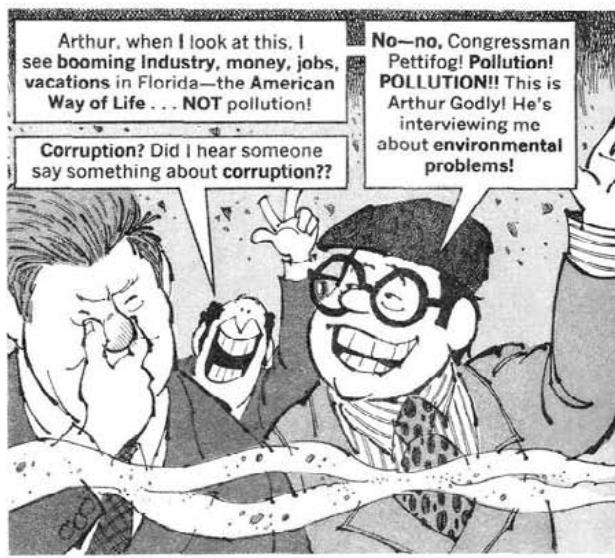
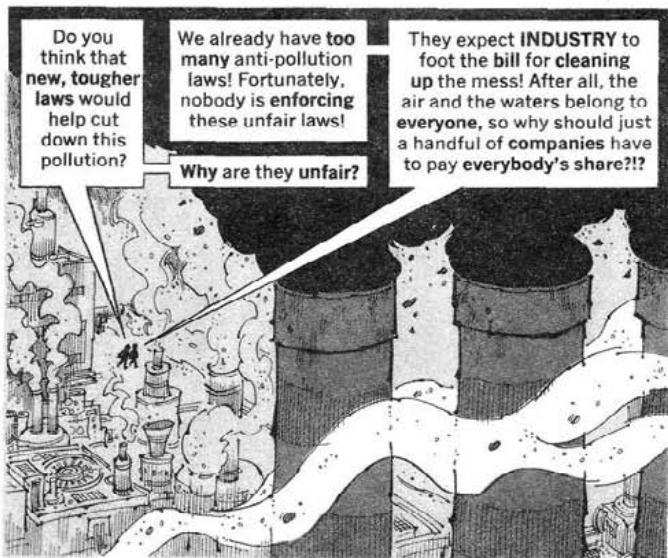
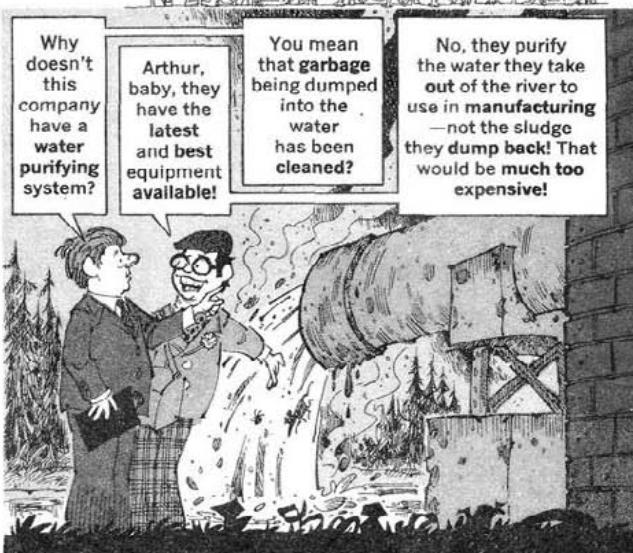
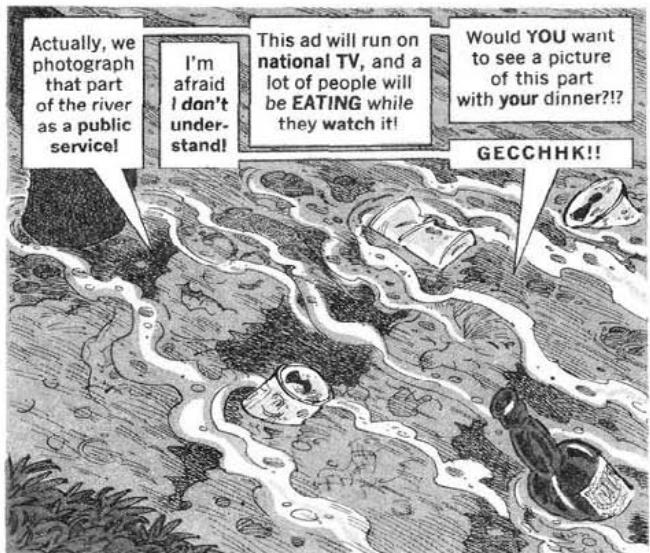


The spray can and the throwaway... That's America to me!

Ahem! Greg, it seems to me that a lot of corporate ecology advertising is—well—deliberately false!

Misleading, maybe! But never false! We're shooting an ad today! You'll be able to see for yourself how honest we are!





Why don't you make these companies use anti-pollution devices?

If I start messing around with anti-pollution red tape, they might shut down their plants and move to another state!

And you're worried about the unemployment that would cause?

Yeah! MINE!! Because if my constituents are out of work, they would NEVER re-elect me!!

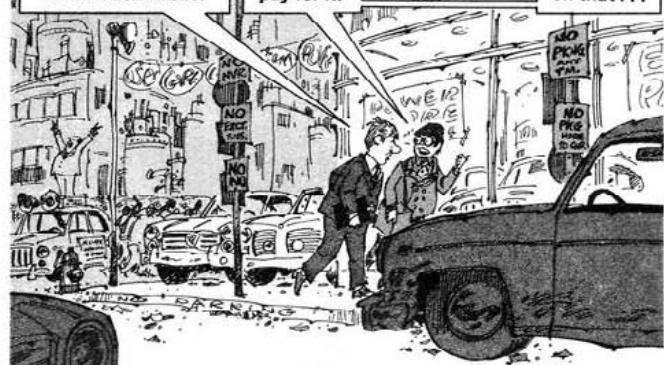


It's hard to believe that a country that put a man on the moon cannot come up with a cheap, simple anti-emission device for an automobile!

Oh, we can MAKE the device! The problem is: Who will pay for it?

I'm sure people wouldn't mind paying a few extra bucks if it would help stop pollution!

Oh, yeah? Let's stop here and get the consumer's opinion on that...



We want air conditioning, power brakes and power steering, push-button windows...

How about an AM-FM radio, and a stereo tape deck?

Great! Er... do you make a built-in hair dryer?



Do you realize that all these gadgets will use more gas and that will cause more pollution???

Pollution? That's not my problem! That's the government's problem!

Would you be willing to pay \$200 for an anti-pollution device for your new car?

200 bucks?! If I had 200 bucks to throw away, I'd buy me a Ferrari!



Must be one of those ecology freaks! They think money grows on trees!

Did you want white-wall tires, Sir?

Of course! And what about the water bed type seats I've heard about...?



What a mess! The public considers pollution a government problem! The government believes it's industry's problem! And industry doesn't think there IS a problem! What are we going to do about it?

Right now...? We're going to use these! Because we're coming to the center of town!

Y'know, there IS a bright side to this ecology mess, Arthur! It has created thousands of new jobs!

You mean for those trying to find a way to eliminate pollution?

No, for guys like me trying to find a way to SELL pollution!



SCHOOLDUGGERY DEPT.

Everything about the average American High School has changed except the Annual Yearbook. It still depicts life as it wasn't! Or, at least, as very few knew it to be! On behalf of the Class of '73, MAD protests this blatant disregard for the unvarnished, raunchy truth with its presentation of

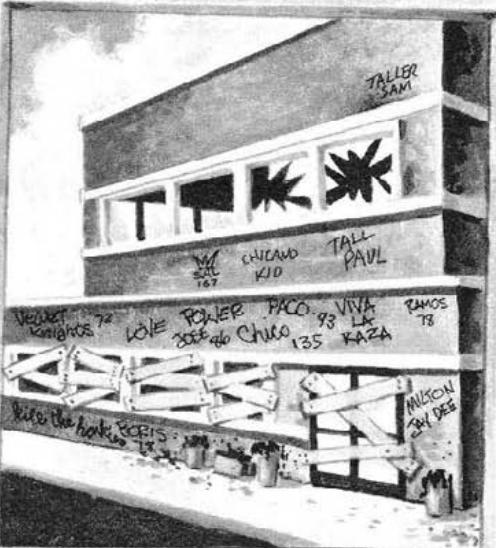


# A HIGH SCHOOL YEAR BOOK THAT TELLS IT LIKE IT REALLY IS

## ROLLING STONES HIGH SCHOOL



R.S.H.S. OLD BUILDING 1906-1971



R.S.H.S. NEW BUILDING COMPLETED 1972

## 1973 'ROLLER' YEARBOOK

# OUR EDUCATORS SPEAK OUT



## A MESSAGE FROM THE PRINCIPAL

To the class of 1973:

It is my hope indeed that as a resultant of my own example, I have learned you kids considerable about the rewards which come direct from hard work.

Last year, when my flesh and blood brother Rudy was running for mayor, he promised me some cushy job such as principal of this school if I could deliver the vote in the fifth ward. It was tough, what with all the reformers and similar nuts which live in that ward. But I done it by a margin of 15,000 more votes than was cast.

With honest labor and persecution, you can all make good just like me. And don't none of you never forget it!

Potsy McTweed  
\$50,000 a year Principal



## A MESSAGE FROM THIS YEAR'S MOST HONORED FACULTY MEMBER

To whoever I'm writing this to:

I'll be 91 years old on the 23rd day of next July. I was just told by somebody I never saw before that this yearbook is being dedicated to me for my faithful teaching service since 1907. Frankly, I don't remember where I've been or what I've been doing since 1907. All I know for sure is that I'll be 91 years old on the 23rd day of next July.

In any event, whatever I may have done to merit whatever this honor is I'm thanking you for, I thank you. Furthermore, I hope that you young people who have been gathering daily in my room on the third floor to ask questions will eventually find out the answers. Only then will you be prepared to go forth with heads held high into someplace and do something.

With memories that would be fond if I could remember them,

(Miss) Lucretia Lowenglazer

# OUR EDUCATORS SPEAK OUT

## A MESSAGE FROM THE MOST POPULAR FACULTY MEMBER OF 1973



To this year's graduating seniors:

I am simply thrilled to pieces that I have been named the most popular teacher of the year. Natch, the honor comes as a complete surprise, since our silly old system of segregating Phys Ed classes and locker rooms by gender means that I've never even had a chance to teach anything to you boys. At least not in the gym during school hours.

However, due to the peachy way things worked out, I have had an opportunity to meet a lot of you fellas individually. Off hand, I can't remember you all by name, but I treasure every single memory of the fun times we had together, and hopefully look forward to more of the same after your graduation.

Meantime, thanks loads for voting me your most popular teacher, even though I can't imagine what prompted you to do such a groovy thing.

Miss Flo Bergere

# THE GRADUATING CLASS OF 1973

## SENIOR CLASS HISTORY

by Lolita Flickney, Valedictorian

For most of the Class of '73, our first bewildering days as freshmen at Rolling Stones High seem only a short time ago. Yet, these past four, or, in many cases, six or seven years, loom large and momentous indeed when we pause to think back over the events that have transpired. When we first arrived here in the fall of 1969, it had been scarcely three seasons since the football team last won a game; Prom Queen Muldavia Swobnick was only beginning to contemplate her first pregnancy, and Miss Lowenglazer's English Lit lectures were merely suspected of being the wild ramblings of a senile old fool.

Still lying far over the horizon were such unforeseen events as the misunderstanding between the Third Street Wanderers and the Velvet Knights that was destined to put 38 of our beloved classmates behind bars in 1971.

Now, those carefree days are all behind us. The cafeteria knifings, the study hall protection rackets, the porno ring: to these, we bid farewell. For we are no longer children, but adults, preparing to step out into the world in quest of that dream we all share: to find a little peace and quiet someplace.



### CLAYBOURNE "SNEAK" ALTWEILER

Intra-mural bicycle thievery; switch-blade terror champ, 1971. Outstanding characteristics: ear wax and mouth breathing.



### FERN "BABY DOLL" BLOTCNOY

Motorcycle Gang State Convention Queen, 1972. Hobbies: chain smoking Di Nobili Cigars and filthy vocabulary development.



### NKRUMA X. CHUTMAN

Led demand for Black Studies Program, 1970-71; dropped out of Black Studies Program, 1972.



### BOBBY JOE DREK

Major activity: obscene gestures; major hobby: collecting obscene photos; major physical characteristic: obscene tattoos.

### GUY PUCE BAZZNEY

Communal shower phobia, 1969-73; over-protective mother, 1955-73. Majors: flower arrangement and needlepoint.



### WANDA "GOODY TWO SHOES" BRITE

Highest grade average in school history; Honor Society Medal with oak leaf cluster; voted most despised member of senior class.



### BERTHA LU DORFMEISTER

Regional weight-lifting champ, 1972; only girl in Stag Line at Senior Prom. Hobbies: copy flirtation and grand piano moving.



### NIMROD "TWINKLE TOES" FUNGUS

Varsity football captain; set season record by stumbling and falling in his own end zone 16 times. Hobbies: recovering from fractures and watching Saturday morning TV cartoon programs.



# THE GRADUATING CLASS OF 1973



## FRED "NEVILLE" GRUBBLY

Founded school Ferrari Club, 1970; organized varsity polo team, 1971; indicted for stealing Ferraris and polo ponies, 1972.



## NUNZIO "BANANAS" LEFFERMAN

Class Protection Racket Collector, 1970-73; Junior Achievement Loan Shark Project, 1972. Chief characteristics: inhuman brutality and body lice.



## FERGUS "SLATS" PITUITARY

Only member of graduating class more than seven feet tall; only seven footer in any class ever cut from basketball team due to inability to understand the object of the game.



## FIDEL CHE VLUPEREZ

Led school Brown Beret boycott of all California grown farm products, 1972-73; suffered attacks of beriberi, rickets, and scurvy from refusing to eat California grown farm products, 1971-73.



## "COOL CARLA" ZUBBERMAN

President of Rudolph Valentino Fan Club, 1971; entered ashes of her grandfather in Hobby Fair, 1972. Hobbies: talking to statues and sniffing crab grass.

## EPPA LAVERNE KRUMSINGER

Chief accomplishment: crusading for Women's Lib by adopting the bra-less look; chief failure: adopting the bra-less look and not having anybody notice.



## FRIEDA MUNSTERS

Scored "Extremely Lousy" on Senior Emotional Adjustment Test. Notable habits: eating library paste and yelling hysterically at fire drills.



## MULDAVIA SWOBBICK

Senior Prom Queen, 1972; became only mother of twins in senior class, 1973. Notable features: makes friends easily and suffers morning sickness often.



## WILBUR OSGOOD WORMSLEY

School activities: none; social life: none; friends: none. Only notable feature owns three local office buildings bought with profits from shrewd stock market speculations, 1971-73.



# OUR ATHLETES IN ACTION

## 1972-73 SPORTS IN ACTION

by Grantland Rentzsch, Sports Editor

The year just ending has indeed been a memorable one for the R.S.H.S. steamroller athletic teams. Most incredible was the 'Roller football squad which extended its record breaking streak to 57 consecutive losses. The chronic drinking problem of Coach Bronko Sotwell, again paved the way for the 'Rollers to remain the laughing stock of the conference.

The basketball team fared considerably better, dropping only four games and winning one, while refusing to show up for the other 17 as a result of sheer panic. Prospects for next season look even brighter, chiefly because all of this year's rotten players are graduating and will be replaced by inexperienced newcomers.

The track team's hopes for a respectable season were quickly snuffed out when Star Miler Kipjo Wartman took up chain smoking and gradually increased his time in the event from 4:22 to 12:06.

The 1972-73 Character Building Award was unanimously voted to Athletic Director Tug Flummert for mustering up the guts to resign despite a complete lack of job prospects elsewhere.



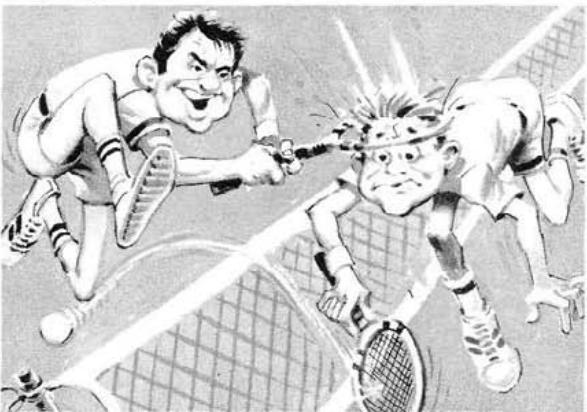
Surprise gridiron maneuver enables Ace Quarterback Fungus to lose 19 more yards.



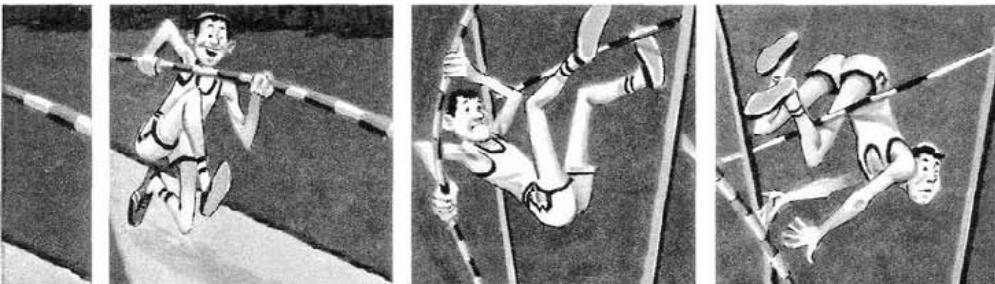
Varsity outfield poses for group photo while determined opposition is scoring three runs in critical baseball game.



Roller cage fans become swept up by emotions as team falls behind in crucial game.



Tennis Captain Pancho Himmler scores upset victory with clever "drop shot" that encourages opponent to forfeit the match.



Trackster Bob Peagreen exhibits form that produced repeated failure in his attempt to set a new pole vault record.



# SCHOOOLDAY



That exciting moment at Assembly when we all stood in a mass tribute to surviving members of the Rolling Stones High class of 1903.

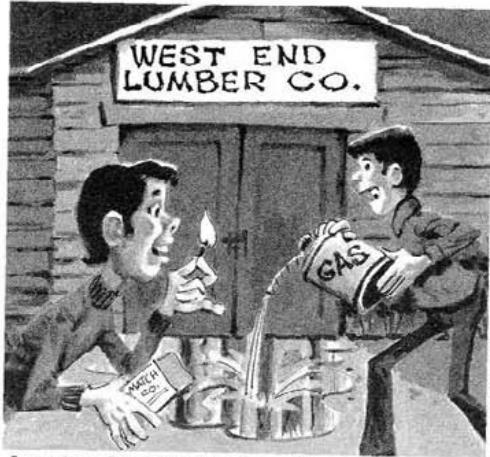


Who can ever forget those moments of nausea when the School Cafeteria's Special of the Day was the "Mystery Casserole"?



Playing brutal pranks on freshmen remained a time-honored Rolling Stones High tradition.

S  
C  
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Y



Ingenious Homecoming Committee made sure this year's Pep Rally bonfire was the most spectacular ever.



Totally undisciplined football card section sometimes performed almost as badly as the totally undisciplined football team.



Ziggie's Malt Shop was a favorite student hangout until the local fuz discovered that it didn't serve malts.

S  
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# SCHOOLDAY



Prior to his commitment, King Kong Vledmug often relieved the tension of boredom in Geometry III by running amok.



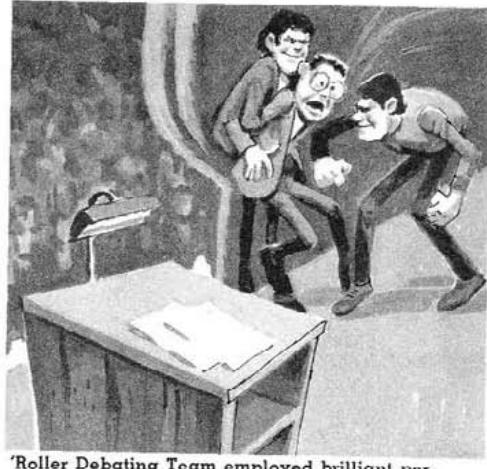
Assembly program staged by the Sex Education Class drew a large, appreciative audience, including the Vice Squad.



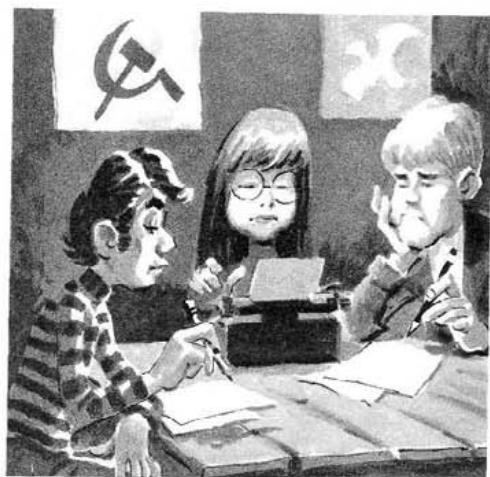
The library was our frequently chosen spot for meeting old friends and making new ones.



Geordie Schlep spent tireless hours adding specimens to his wrist watch collection for display at the Hobby Fair.



Roller Debating Team employed brilliant persuasive techniques to place first in the School District competition.



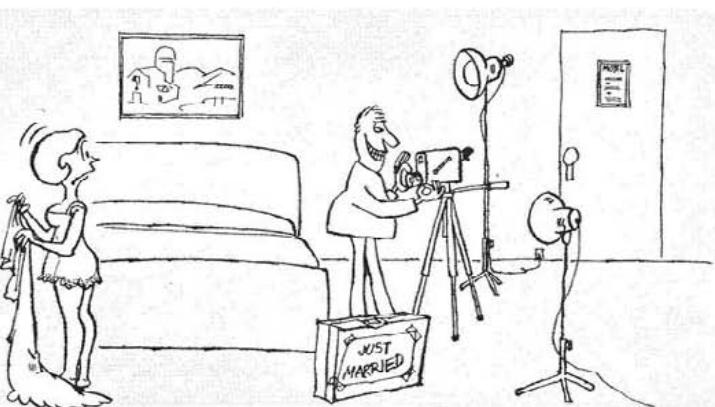
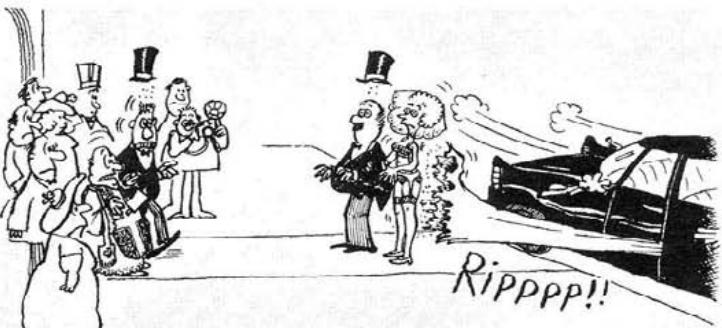
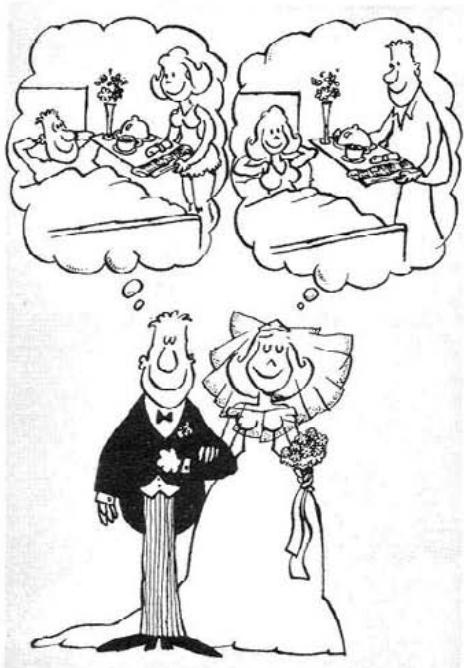
The "Weekly 'Roller'" lost several staff members when this group decided to found a more relevant school paper, "Voice of the Proletariat."

# SCHOOLDAY

THE WED MENACE DEPT.

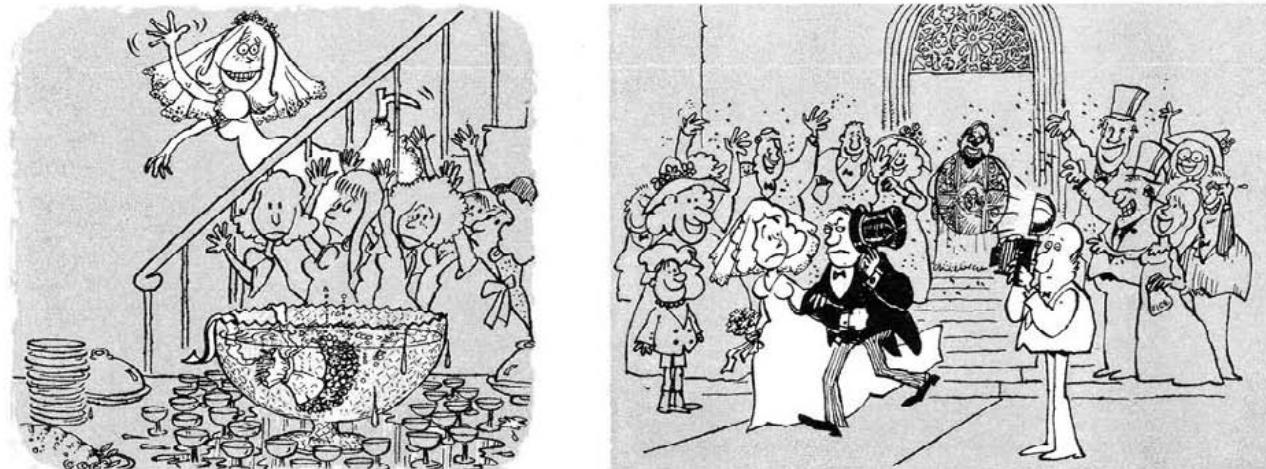
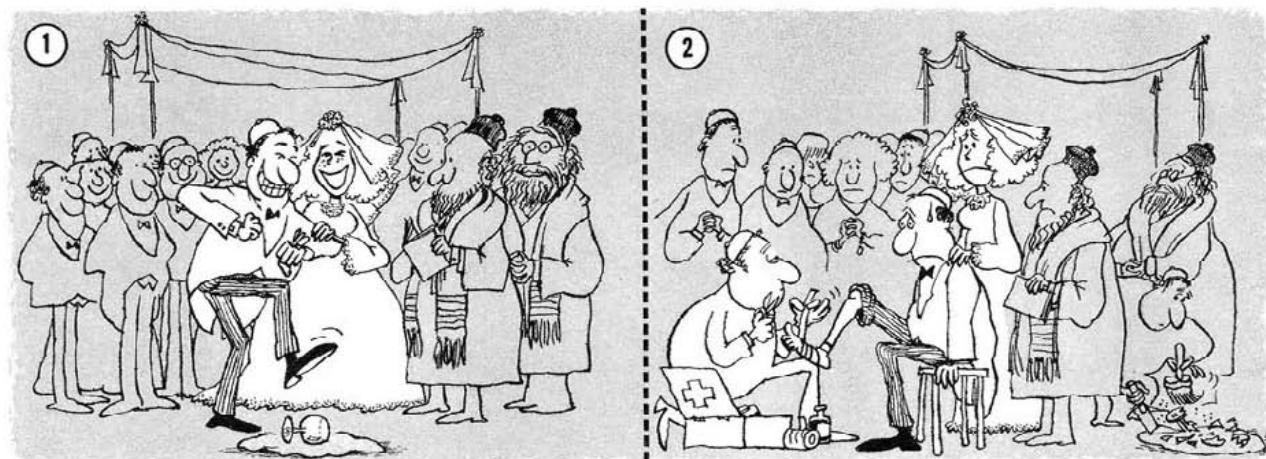
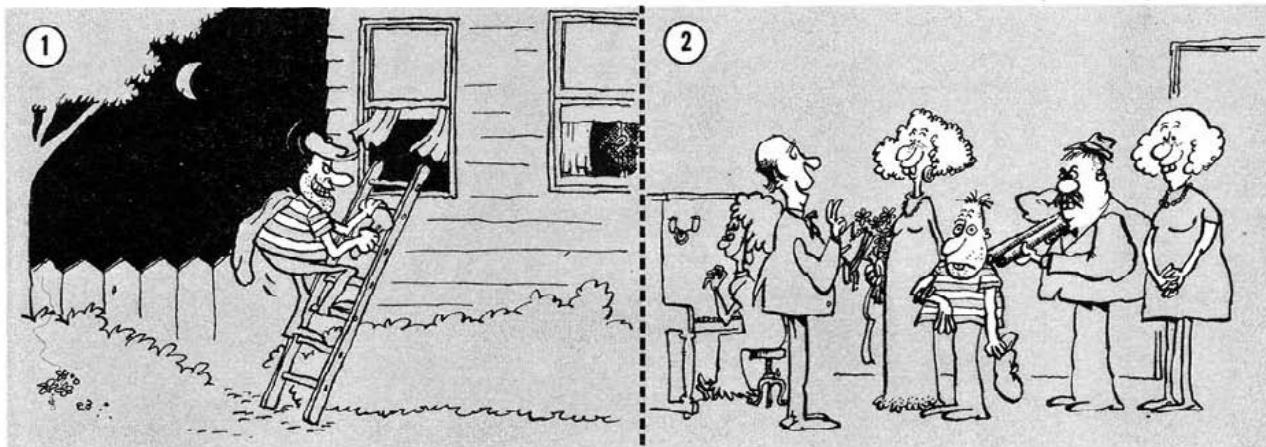
# A MAD LOOK AT

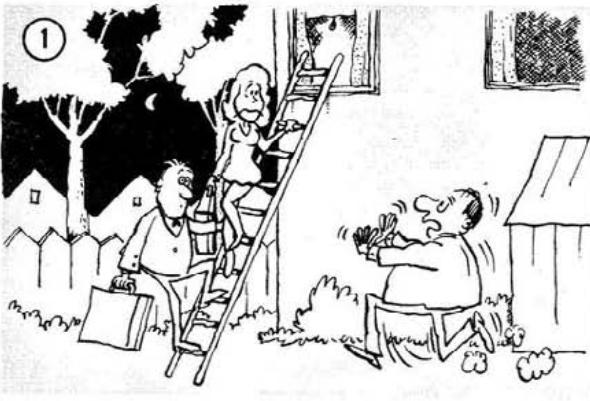
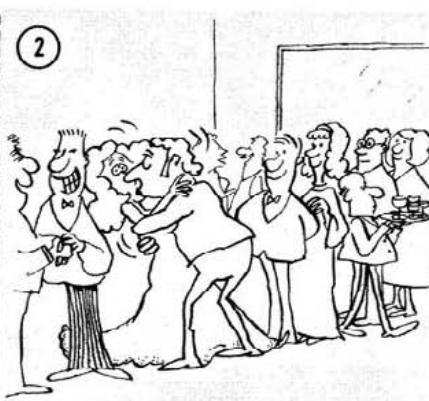
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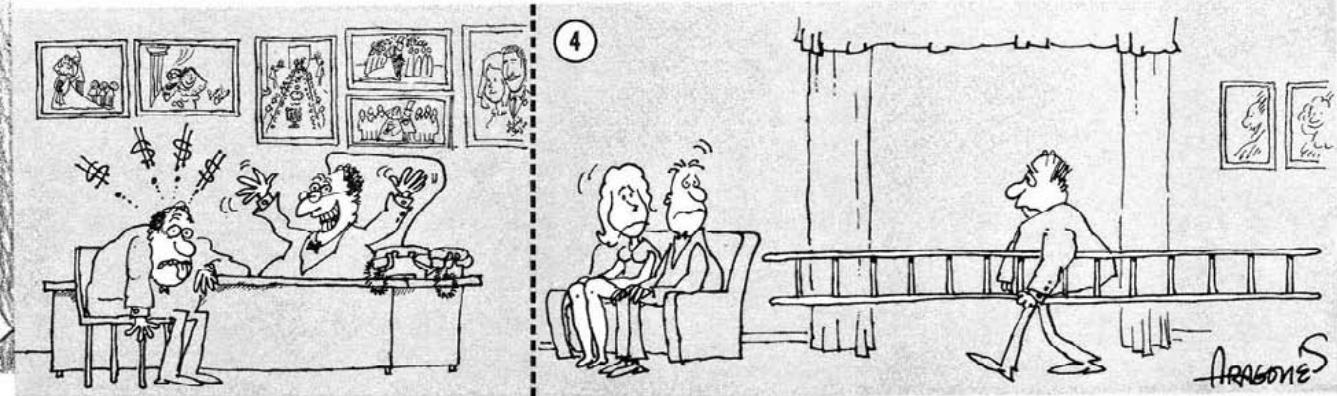
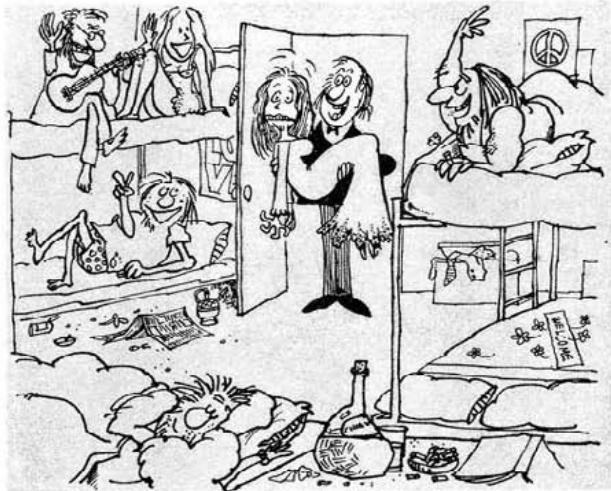
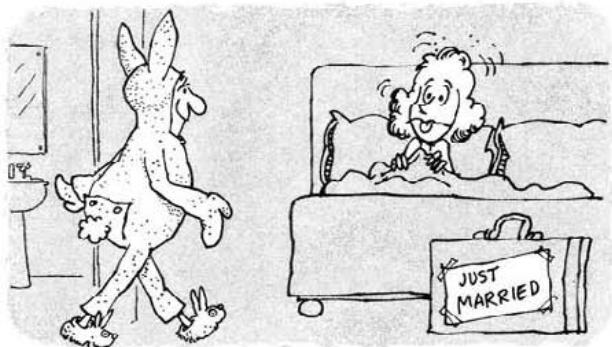
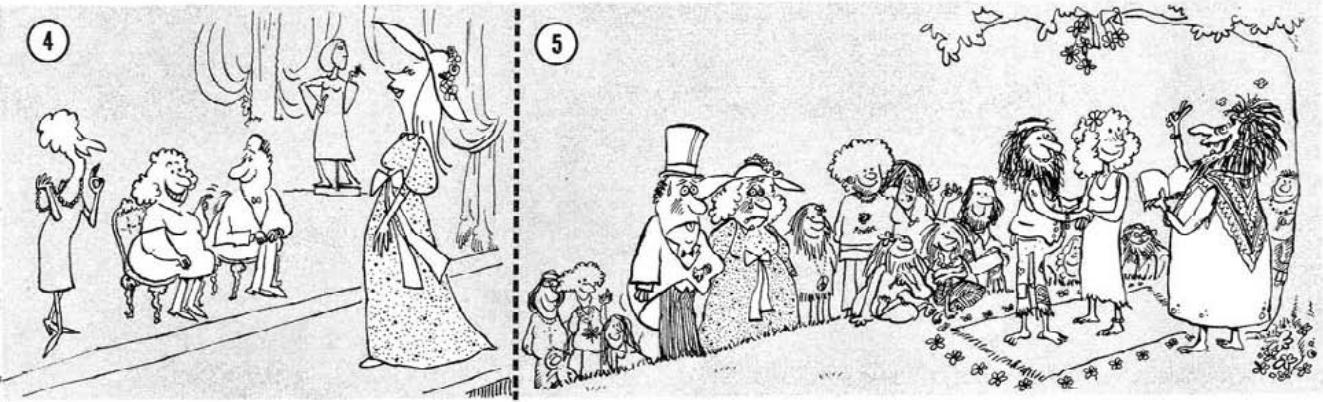


# EDDINGS

ARTIST & WRITER: SERGIO ARAGONES

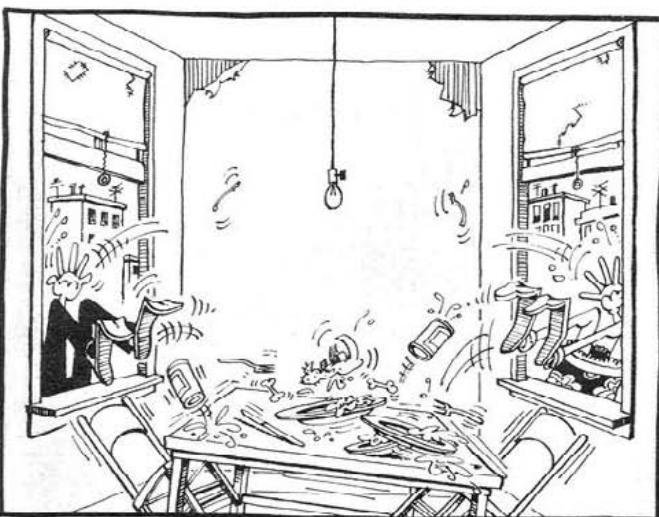
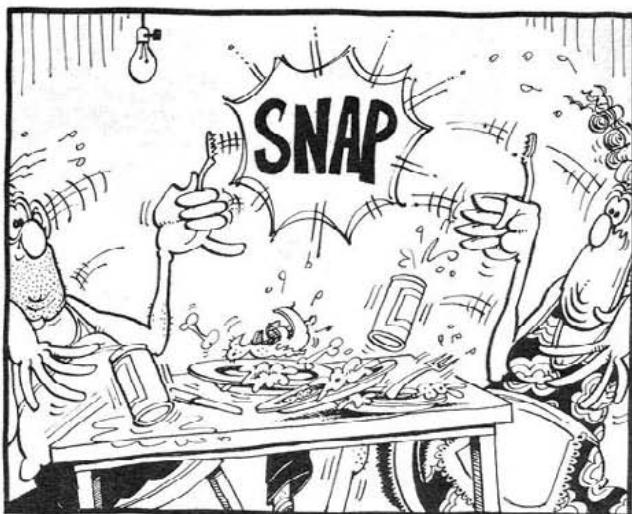
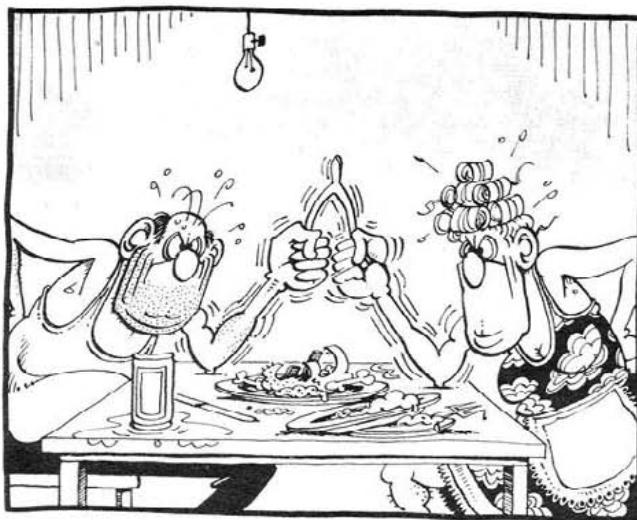
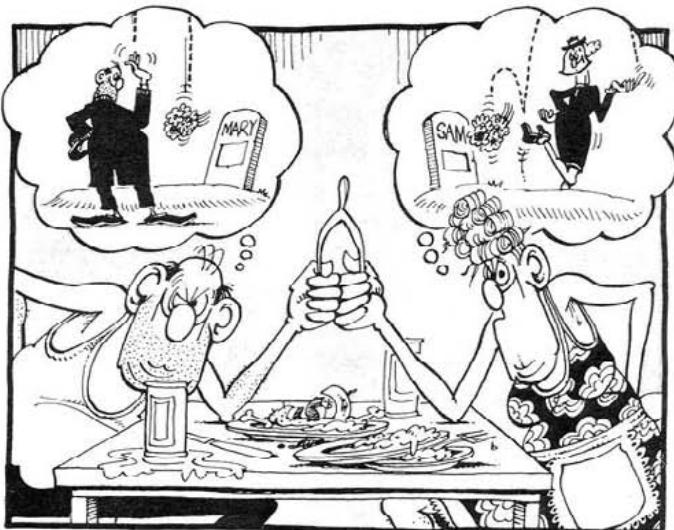
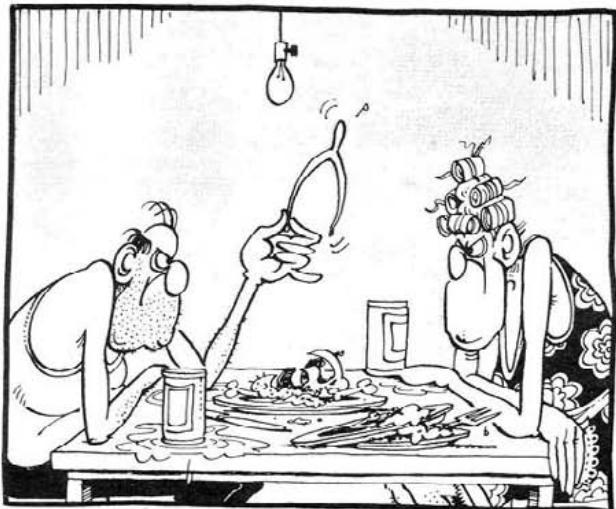






ARAGONE

# ONE DAY WITH A WISHBONE



In MAD #153 we took a job down memory lane in a nostalgic look at some typical sports movies of the past and present. In MAD #160 (that's *this* issue, stupid!) we are going to look at some typical religious movies of the past and present! How's that for a new departure!? Let's begin with



# "Going Thy Way"

ARTIST: ANGELO TORRES

WRITER: LOU SILVERSTONE

Young man,  
this is a house of worship  
and not a gymnasium!  
I'll be thanking you to take  
your golf shillelaghs and be  
on your way! And you might  
want to leave a contribution  
to our window fund . . .

Oh, are you  
collecting  
for a  
new  
stained  
glass  
window?

No, for an old  
plain glass  
window  
to replace that  
broken one! This  
isn't St. Patrick's,  
you know!

Why aim small? I think a  
stained glass window would  
really help dress up old Saint  
Simeon's, and with my help  
. . . oh, by the way, I'm  
Father O'Irish,  
your new assistant!

You're a priest?  
You look more  
like a  
gymnasium  
instructor with  
all them tools of  
the devil!

Now, Father  
McFitzpatrick, a  
little exercise never  
hurt St. George, did  
it? Besides, a golf  
bag's a fine place to  
carry a bit of fine  
Irish Whiskey!



I never touch the stuff except for medical reasons. However, I do feel a bit of a chill comin' on . . .

An' why would the Bishop be sendin' me an assistant? I've handled things here for 60 years by meself. Besides, people don't come to Saint Simeon's like they did in the good old days. The young folks would rather hang around the pool hall than come to church!

Our job is to bring the straying lambs back into the fold!

How do you propose we do that? Grab them whippersnappers by the scruff of the neck and drag them in? I tried it and it didn't work!!

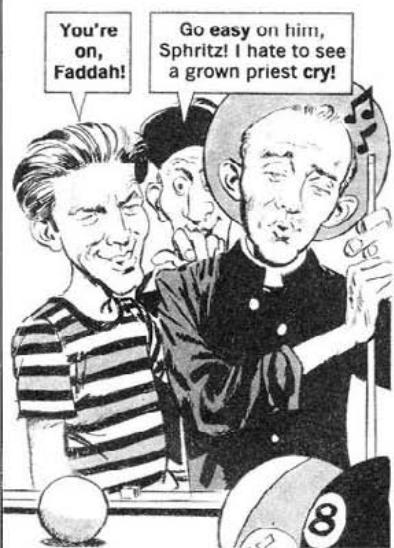
"If Muhammad won't come to the mountain, then move the mountain to Muhammad."

Saints preserve us! I won't have that kind of blasphemy in me own church!

It's just a saying, Father! I mean that if the kids prefer the pool hall, move the pool hall to the church! We'll put billiard tables in the basement!



Well, suppose we make a little wager! Let's shoot a game of pool. If I win, you boys join the choir. If I lose, I pay the round and never mention choir to you again! Fair enough?



It's nothing, fellas, just a little something I picked up working my way through college. Tell you what, I'll give you all some shooting lessons after choir practice!

Hey, guys, didja hear that? The Faddah's gonna teach us how to become pool hustlers!

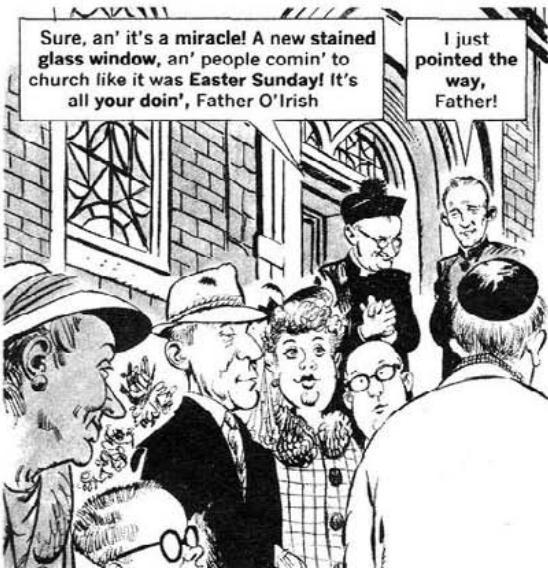
Jeez, da Faddah's an all right guy!

Shpritz, you have a lovely soprano voice!

Tanks, Faddah! I'm sure glad you showed us how much fun choich can be!

Yeah, if it wasn't fer you, we'd be out on da streets doin' all kinds of horrible tings, like pickin' up goils!

Let's stop all dis gabbin' an sing before I rap yez all inna mout!



Father, my job here at Saint Simeon's is finished. I'm afraid I have to leave.

I'm going to miss you, lad. Especially the way you—sniff—sniff—

The way I sing those Irish ballads?

No, the way you call the numbers for the Bingo game!



... and like that! But today, religion is changing at such a fantastic pace that even the movies have trouble catching up! Movies like . . .

# "Going Way Out"



I don't know why they gave me an assistant, anyway! Attendance isn't exactly booming!

That's why I'm here, man! I'm gonna help zap the message to the people! We gotta tell them all about love! Let's hear it for LOVE, baby, yeah!

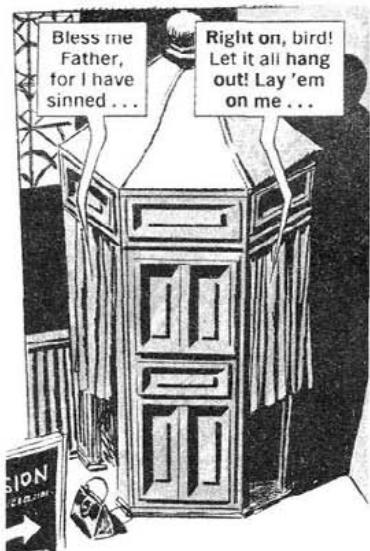
Uh, I heard that some of you new priests were very liberal, but, uh, you're not on anything, are you?

You mean the drug scene? No way, baby! I'm high on LOVE! I'm tripping on brotherhood! That's where it's at, cat!

Well, uh, that's all very nice, but, uh, it's time for me to hear confessions!

Listen, suppose I take your gig and kinda feel my way around the new scene?





Actually, we used to have a lot of **young people** once, back in the days of the **St. Louis Browns**. We had a **choir**, too, but the kids today don't seem to enjoy things like singing "**Swing On A Star**". . . .

Well, they might dig the "swing" part, but the other old jazz is nowhere! Man, today is **now!** You gotta move with the times!

You mean like do the **Mass in English**?

No, **Swahili**! If we ain't with it, we ain't! Let me go out and round up the kids and let them know that the **Church** is where it's happening!

Hey, man, what's your point?

Careful, cats, it may be a pig in sheep's clothing!



I'm not fuzz, cuzz, but I dig the sheep part! I wanna get you little lambs back into the fold! The Church is the only non-polluted meadow we got left, baby!

You putting us on? We don't dig the Holy scene!

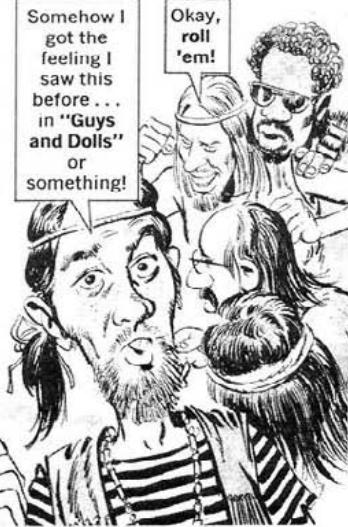
The Church is establishment, man! And if we're anything, we're anti!

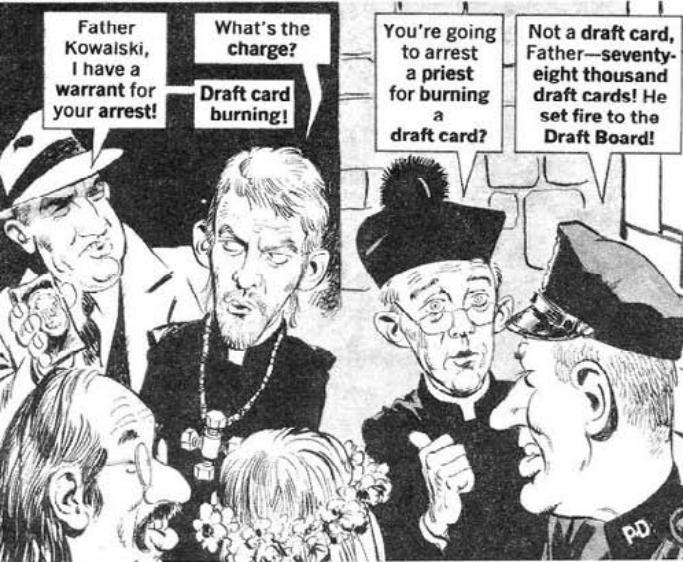
Brothers, I'm talking about the new Church—**Saint Simeon's East!** We're gonna get involved! Like start a **Draft Resistor's Society** and a **Dump The War Sit-Down Group**! Tell you what—I'll roll you for it! I win and you cats are in! I crap out, and I lose the bout! Am I covered?



Somehow I got the feeling I saw this before . . . in "Guys and Dolls" or something!

Okay, roll 'em!





WHICH OF  
NATURE'S  
RAVAGES  
CONTINUES  
TO DEFY  
MODERN  
TECHNOLOGY?

HERE WE GO WITH ANOTHER RIDICULOUS  
**MAD FOLD-IN**

Man has been locked in battle with Nature since he first appeared on Earth! Although he has often won, there is one frustrating area where he hasn't even gained a toehold. To find out what this disastrous loss is, simply fold in the page as shown at right.



GREAT ADVANCES MADE IN TECHNOLOGY TODAY ARE DOING  
WONDERS IN PREVENTING DISASTERS. BUT ONE  
BAD NATURAL CATASTROPHE HAS SCIENCE STOPPED COLD

